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THE ELECTIONS.

The second week of the elections has been a cheering one for the Conservatives. It is true they are very easily beaten; for although they constitute the Government of the country, and although it is they who have appealed to the constituencies, yet their secret strength was so evidently imaginary that their tall talk such childish nonsense, that the world does not agree with them when they glory in success because they do not fail everywhere. For a party in a hopeless minority, with a Government utterly condemned, and a policy so palpably discredited, it must be owned they have got on very well this week. They have drawn the great prize, and had the dear delight of thwarting the fondest wishes of GLADSTONE. Everything contributed to make this a great success. Mr. GLADSTONE not only stood for South-West Lancashire, but he stood for it with all his heart and soul, as if to that particular constituency was the sole object of his life, the only reward that his country could give him. He covered the towns of his division with floods of his most animated rhetoric, and with reams of his best statistics, apologies, and autobiographies; he made the most passionate appeals to the electors to pronounce their verdict in favour of justice to him; he did more than any one but himself could have done, a good deal more than any one but himself would have done. And still, in spite of all this, he has been finally and severely beaten in a struggle where almost every possible voter was polled. In whatever way this is put, it is unquestionably a great Tory victory. Supposing it is due to the influence of the STANLEYS and their friends, what great claims they must be that can thus crush, in a county where claims to be peculiarly at home, the foremost of English politicians on the eve of his Premiership! If it is hatred of Irish that has caused Mr. GLADSTONE's rejection, with no knowledge of the locality and with what assurance of secret sympathies of men must the Conservatives have called to a hatred of race before which the love of justice and, as they knew, be like chaff before the wind! But surely there was something more in Mr. GLADSTONE's defeat than the strength of the STANLEYS and the popular detestation of the Irish. The Conservatives may claim that the vote in South-West Lancashire shall be taken in connexion with the votes given in other counties where their success only seemed doubtful because the defeated enemy was not so great. Before vanquished Mr. GLADSTONE they had driven Lord HARTWELL off the field in North Lancashire. They have carried three divisions of Kent, all the divisions of Lancashire, a division of Derbyshire, a division of Staffordshire, a division of Norfolk, and a division of Surrey. They have brought in a candidate at the head of the poll for Middlesex, and they have gained seats in Leicestershire, North Nottinghamshire, West Worcestershire, South Lincolnshire, East Essex, East Suffolk, and South Shropshire, and have been within sight of votes of adding a division of the West Riding to their triumphs. It is true that there are Liberal gains in the constituencies to be set on the other side, but nevertheless the result is incontestable that a great many county constituencies, of an exclusively agricultural character, but with that mixture of the urban and rural elements which gives county constituencies importance, have pronounced much more decidedly than was expected in favour of the present Government.

It is a great mistake in criticizing events of this kind to deduce into hasty generalizations, but at the same time it is absurd to explain away a group of results of the same cause by a number of fortuitous petty causes. Here and there special reasons may have caused the Conservative success, but the success has been wide and marked enough to make it

probable that there is a great amount of Conservative feeling on the part of the dwellers in the outskirts of large cities. The clergy, again, may have had something to do with it; they may have been able to rouse a Protestant feeling, which will flare up this once and then die away, and leave these constituencies hereafter Liberal. But we confess that this seems to us one of those accidental explanations with which each party in turn loves to console itself. It seems getting into the region of mere theory to talk of the majority of Middlesex as the special creation of the clergy. The clergy of Middlesex have certainly been amongst the most sober in England with regard to the Irish Church, and, even if they had been violent, the ordinary Middlesex elector is the sort of man much more to resent than to succumb to their violence. The Irish Church has probably had as little to do with the elections in the counties as it had in the boroughs. It has given the Liberal party a general enthusiasm as the party fighting for justice, and it has given the Conservatives a general enthusiasm as a party fighting in defence of things sacred, but otherwise it has left each party much as it found it. The Middlesex electors placed Lord GEORGE HAMILTON at the head of the poll, partly because they were indignant at the paltry quarrels of the Liberal candidates, but principally because the majority of those who took the trouble to vote wished the Conservatives to win. When all is said, the Conservative success comes to very little, but, such as it is, it may be honestly acknowledged to exist. In a great many counties there has been a hard fight and a Liberal victory; and it is not in the least true to say that the English counties have reversed, so far as in them lay, the decision of the English boroughs. There are counties where, as in Cornwall, the Liberals have had a striking success. There are others, as Hertfordshire and West Gloucestershire, where they have won a seat from a clear Liberal addition to the constituency. In very many counties the struggle has been decided by a very few votes, and it is remarkable that in some places, as in South Derbyshire, the number of those who have polled has actually been less than the number of those who recorded their votes in the last contest before the constituency was enlarged. It would be therefore quite a mistake to speak of anything like a great Conservative movement in the counties. They have in a great measure succeeded because their forces are better organized, and the great Tory leaders are more determined, more profuse, and perhaps more unscrupulous than their opponents. Still, when all is said, there remains something more—there remains the fact that a large and perhaps an increasing portion of well-to-do respectable people, not great, or rich, or notorious in any way, but given to humble avocations and plunged in the routine of citizen life, find a meek comfort for their souls in the profession of what they consider the genteel political creed. This is something far apart from toadyism, for they neither get nor wish to get anything by it, but Conservatism seems to them to have in it more of the poetry of life than Liberalism, and takes away from before them the hard line which seems to separate them from the upper classes. It is exactly the same feeling which makes so many of the *bourgeoisie* of the secondary towns in France devoted Imperialists—a feeling that is natural and in a sense honourable, and which fills those who entertain it with a pride in being the defenders of order and of their country, and in behaving as good fathers of families should behave. Were any cause of political excitement set at work in England which should really appeal to the fears of the class of persons who go daily in trains and omnibuses to business, it is possible that a feeling like this might run through the ranks of English respectability with something of the same celerity and force with which it ran through the French *bourgeoisie* after the Revolution of 1848.

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But nothing that has happened in the English counties has made any real difference in the position of Mr. GLADSTONE and his party. The majority against Government is decisive and overwhelming, and for practical purposes it can make very little difference whether the precise number of the majority slightly exceeds or slightly falls below the limit of 110, at which sanguine Liberals are estimating it. Mr. GLADSTONE is only member for Greenwich, but he has got a majority at his back greater than that following any Minister since the days of the first Ministries after the Reform Bill of 1832. He has got a majority which, so long as he can keep it together, will enable him to offer the measures he carries as the indisputable will of the nation. For this result he is largely indebted to the strenuous and surprisingly successful efforts of the Liberals in Wales, in Ireland, and, above all, in Scotland. In two or three Welsh counties the natives have gratified with unexpected audacity their traditional dislike of the Church and the gentry. In Merionethshire they had only to combat the friend and nominee of great possessors; but in Carnarvonshire they had the delight of bearding and defeating the lord of Penry Castle in the person of his son. The Liberal gains in Ireland prove that the Catholic Irish have exerted themselves to the utmost in order to dispel the notion that they were secretly indifferent as to the existence of the Established Church, while the remarkable issue of some of the elections in the North shows how much the friends of the Establishment have misrepresented the feelings of the Protestants of Ulster. It was often said that the Protestants generally would resent an attack on the Church as the symbol and bulwark of Protestantism, and would do all kinds of dreadful things, and even leave Ireland altogether, if the Church were successfully attacked. Who that heard this language could have believed that two of the places where opponents of the Establishment would be most signal success were Londonderry and Belfast? As to Scotland, the decisiveness of its vote in favour of the Liberal cause has been far beyond anything that even the most sanguine Scotch Liberals ventured to anticipate. The powers of the great Tory Dukes and great Tory landlords seem suddenly to have come to an almost complete end. But wonderful as the defeat of the Dukes has been in Edinburghshire and Roxburghshire, the fate of Toryism has been still more wonderful in Dumfriesshire and Perthshire. There two English strangers, men as unknown in England as in Scotland, have landed suddenly as emigrants land on the shores of New York, have walked about a little, and talked a little Liberalism, and have suddenly found themselves Scotch county members. They won because, in their happy English innocence, they were ignorant, and were therefore not afraid, of the greatness of the powers arrayed against them. No small Whig gentleman of Perthshire would have dared to contest the county against STIRLING OF KEIR. But to an English stranger STIRLING OF KEIR and the Duke of BUCCLEUCH are mere names, that can do him neither good nor harm; and so a new-comer carried Perthshire, because the majority of Perthshire electors were Liberals, and he ventured to ask for their votes. Scotland will now vote almost in block for Mr. GLADSTONE, and the Scotch vote is a vote precious to a Prime Minister whether in triumph or in difficulties—for it is a vote certain, unanimous, silent, and carrying with it the prestige of the support of a nation.

HOW THE OLD TORIES LOOK AT THE ELECTIONS.

THE elections are nearly over, and their general result is certain, and all that remains now to inquire about them is, What do they mean? We do not now need to be told that they mean the exclusion of Mr. DISRAELI from office; but, beyond that most obvious and satisfactory inference, what light do they throw upon the troubled history of the last three years, or the causes that will shape the immediate future? We are hearing the question answered every day from a Liberal point of view, but a candid commentary upon them from the old Conservative side has not yet appeared. The very peculiar position of the neo-Conservative press has a noxious influence in stifling even the utterance of the true Conservative opinion. Mr. DISRAELI has been compared by some of his critics to LOUIS NAPOLEON, and whatever similarity there is between unscrupulous success and unscrupulous failure may undoubtedly be pleaded in favour of that comparison. But upon the newspapers of their party the rule of these two potentates does produce a very similar effect. It is as hard to get at genuine Conservative opinion, undoctored by whips or agents, as it is to get at Imperialist opinion which owes nothing to the inspiration of the MINISTER of the INTERIOR. The result gives a curious difference of character to the printed utter-

ances of the two great parties. The Liberals have many organs among the newspapers of the day, but none of them are official. The result is that, in the highest ecstasy of party enthusiasm, Mr. GLADSTONE's acts are canvassed and even censured with abundant freedom. The Conservatives have but few organs, but they are all official. With them nothing that Mr. DISRAELI can do is wrong. No one who knows anything of the ordinary squire or country parson believes that this condition of unfaltering admiration is a true representation of the feelings of the large Conservative minority which has shown itself in the recent county elections. The ominous omission of Mr. DISRAELI's name from every election address sufficiently indicates the feelings with which he is regarded by the constituencies whom those addresses are designed to influence. But the state of opinion which backs Mr. DISRAELI in his present defence of the Irish Church, and yet forces his supporters to avoid his name as a word of evil omen, finds no expression in the newspapers. We do not know what the mass of unofficial Conservatives, who have got nothing and have nothing to get, think of the success which has attended the brilliant manœuvres of 1867; but we shall now try to conjecture what they feel, or at any rate what they ought to feel.

It is not very easy for outside observers to penetrate the inarticulate thoughts of the country squires in Parliament whose docility passed the Reform Bill of that year. Their intellectual processes will always remain to a great extent inscrutable. We learned on that occasion that Mr. DISRAELI can cajole them by pretences flimsier than have been used by any similar artist in that line since the days of TITUS OATES. We cannot be certain, therefore, how far the rude shock of the last fortnight has awakened them even now. But even the spectators at a country fair require some kind of coarse success from the mountebank they are watching; and one would think that all the ingenuous consolations of Mr. NOEL and Mr. SPOFFORTH would be inadequate to neutralize the figures which meet their eyes every morning now. This at least, it should seem, is clear, that as far as electioneering results go, the course which Mr. DISRAELI has taken is as damaging to the Conservatives as any course could possibly have been. The majority is enormous in mere numbers, exceeding anything in recent history except that of the Parliament which met after the first Reform Act. This is hard enough, considering the kind of promises by which the poor squires were induced to follow their leaders. Lord DERBY laid it down that the great object of his Reform policy was "to take such 'measures as should turn his minority into a majority." Mr. DISRAELI told them that he had resisted the line of 7th, and accepted household suffrage, "because that measure would 'not injure the Conservative party.'" By promises such as these, scattered still more lavishly in private, the Conservative members, up to their ears in anti-democratic pledges, voted enthusiastically for the platform of the most extreme Reformers in the House. The "dodge" has ridiculously failed. That treasure of buried Conservatism which the political DOUSTRE-SWIVEL continued to the very last moment to promise to his patient dupes is nowhere to be found. It is very hard. To a sacrifice of reputation, or a forgetfulness of scruple, a portion at least of the Conservative party might possibly have been reconciled, if it would have enabled them to "dish the 'Whigs.'" But to have gone through all this dirt in order to make their political condition exactly twice as bad as it was before must be irritating. Men of a higher stamp were over-persuaded by the confident promises of increased strength to the political party, in which they genuinely believed. It was well known that the Duke of BUCCLEUCH and Sir W. STIRLING MAXWELL took the lead in celebrating the merits of their leader's Reform tactics at Edinburgh last autumn, in the belief that by such self-abasement their party would gain at the elections. They have an untoward reward for their generous confidence.

But the numbers of the majority against them are not the gloomiest portion of the Conservative prospect. The Liberal host has been larger before this, but it has never been so united. Their sections have hitherto been much divided, and have watched each other with a jealousy often widening into actual schism. Mr. DISRAELI's reputation as a strategist rests wholly on his skill in discovering and fomenting these divisions. But his Reform policy has effaced them altogether. Indignation against trickery has effected a union which would never have been brought about by agreement of opinion. If he had adhered to his principles in the spring of 1867, and had fallen before a hostile vote, the Conservatives would still have had opposed to them

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leaders who would not lead, and followers who would not "follow." They would have possessed all the favour and confidence which is given to tried consistency though they might have failed to prevent a Reform Bill; but their future would not have been hampered by the distrust both of opponents and friends. But Mr. DISRAELI has preferred to keep office by outwitting the Liberals; and the Liberals have naturally taken good care that they shall not be outwitted again. Instead of a "rabble" majority of sixty, the constituents have sent back a majority of more than a hundred, personally pledged to follow Mr. GLADSTONE.

When people believe anything very intensely, their faith is contagious, however absurd the object of it may be. The Conservatives appeared to believe with such a placid confidence that their leader's tortuous course was guiding them to victory, that many of their opponents were inclined to think there must be something in it after all. At all events it was premature to draw any conclusion as to the wisdom of their course as long as that confidence was undisturbed. Now, however, it is safe to say that of all the halinations that ever vexed a political party, theirs stands easily at the head. The moral of it is that respectable country squires should not try finessing. No doubt they did it in good faith, under the advice of those who had reasons for the advice they gave. But it is ill-talking between a full man and a fasting. The stout and well-fed should not trust themselves in a conflict of wits with famished office-seekers. They believed, or were persuaded that they believed, that the Conservatives, by out-stripping the Liberals, were about to secure to themselves all the substantial advantages which have hitherto for many years attended the profession of Liberalism. There is something almost pathetic in the simplicity of the manœuvre. The only result was to impose on the Liberals the necessity of going a little faster. The distance between Liberal and Conservative is much the same as it was before; but both bodies have travelled in three years over ground that, under less clever management, might have occupied a generation. That achievement completes the advantages which Mr. DISRAELI has conferred on the cause he was employed to save. To have changed a majority of sixty into a majority of a hundred; to have changed their opponents from a rabble into a disciplined host; and to have made the Liberals into Radicals, is about the net result to the Conservatives of the Conservative strategy of 1867.

FRANCE.

THE worst enemies of the French Government cannot fairly withhold from it the praise of a spirited consistency. It accepts the fact that it has committed one folly as a sufficient reason why it should commit another. If its servants go wrong, the Government supports them in what they have done; and, rather than throw doubt upon an official act, gallantly goes wrong with them. Perhaps it is the wisest course to adopt under the circumstances. A Government that puts its foot down only to draw it back earns neither respect nor fear, and though vacillation in council may easily pass for profundity, vacillation in the Executive is a patent symptom of weakness. But men who cannot afford to retreat if they are wrong should be additionally careful to be right in the first instance. The Emperor of the FRENCH seems to find an insuperable difficulty in observing this simple precaution. A great deal of his home policy has nothing else to recommend it than its connexion with something that has gone before. This, it must be supposed, is the explanation of the new Press prosecutions. Nothing can possibly be gained from such a step, since the journals which have been attacked did not repeat their offence after the adverse judgment in the Correctional Police Court, and the illegality of the BAUDIN subscription-list is as well or as ill established by one magisterial decision as by a hundred. It is very hard to say, therefore, what the EMPEROR expects to gain by such a step. What he will lose is obvious enough. He will give M. GAMARRA another opportunity of telling, with a sort of modified impunity, a variety of unpleasant truths, as to which elsewhere his lips must be sealed; and he will also allow M. FAVRE to prove that in this respect he is not to be outdone by the younger counsel. The speeches made at the former trial are now being circulated throughout France, and doing infinitely more to bring the Government into discredit than any number of violent articles in the newspapers. But the Government has been accustomed to keep the Press in subjection, and, when it sees a journal it dislikes, it knows, as a matter of course, how to deal with it. A report of a trial is another matter, and many people who have

become tolerably inured to perpetual interference with the newspapers, might be startled at an attempt to diminish the limited publicity now accorded to judicial proceedings. Accordingly, the dignity of the Empire is to be sustained, and the wisdom of the Imperial policy vindicated, by giving the benefit of a large and excited audience to the best speakers of the Opposition bar.

The counsel who were to speak yesterday will have had the advantage of quoting the judgment of an Imperial Court on their side. The French tribunals are not famous for deciding political questions on merely legal grounds. In this instance, however, a provincial Court has behaved with unusual courage, and delivered its judgment strictly on the merits of the case. The crime of manœuvres answers somewhat to the English notion of conspiracy. It belongs, that is to say, to a class of actions the guilt of which consists in their being done in concert. A man cannot "manœuvre" by himself any more than he can conspire by himself. The Court at Clermont-Ferrand has properly taken this into account in dismissing the suit instituted against the *Indépendant du Centre*. "Whereas," it says, "the offence of manœuvres is a complicated offence implying a previous concert and understanding with other persons, whilst the *Indépendant* appears to have acted 'on a sudden impulse, taking counsel from no one.' If this were the sole ground on which the acquittal of the provincial paper is based, the judgment would imply no censure on the action of the Paris Court. But the Auvergne Judges are bolder than was strictly necessary for the discharge of their duty. The judgment introduces other considerations which are equally applicable to the case of the Parisian journals. It declares that 'a tribute, public or private, to the memory of the dead is a traditional custom sanctioned by universal habit and by the manners of the country, and, as a rule, is perfectly legitimate;' and further, it disclaims in the name of dignity, conscience, and common sense, 'the application of a narrow and exceptional legal provision by means of immature expansion or captious analogy.' The policy of the Imperial Government in relation to the BAUDIN subscription could hardly receive a more emphatic condemnation. Indeed, the last-quoted phrase is singularly applicable to its legal proceedings generally. The expansion of a narrow and exceptional law, in order to make it meet, by means of captious analogy, some case altogether different from that for which it was designed to provide, is an eminently characteristic description of a French State trial. If, however, it had appeared in some epigrammatic newspaper article, the authorities might not have been much disturbed. They must be pretty well accustomed by this time to hearing good things said of them. But when implied criticism of this kind finds its way into the judgments of the Courts themselves, the matter becomes more serious. In this particular case an appeal has been lodged against the decision, and it is hardly likely that the Government will be as unfortunate at Riom as it has been at Clermont-Ferrand. But the force of the blow will not be much altered by a reversal of the judgment. The injury which it inflicts on the Government is twofold; first, that it impugns the policy of the authorities in the BAUDIN affair in a way and quarter which will command the attention of many who are not much influenced by newspaper articles, and secondly, that it introduces an element of uncertainty into State prosecutions from which they have hitherto been free. After the example of the Auvergne Court, the authorities will not enjoy the positive conviction they once did, that where the State is the prosecutor, accusation and condemnation are only different names for the same process. The great object of withdrawing press prosecutions from the cognizance of juries is newly endangered. The EMPEROR's Ministers could not brook the idea of having to calculate the chances of conviction as one of the elements to be considered before bringing a newspaper to trial. They might abstain from doing so for prudential reasons of various kinds, but the possibility of defeat could not be included in the list without a sacrifice of dignity which no French official could be expected to stoop to. Now, however, the certainty which they thought had been secured seems slipping away from them. It is impossible to say what Courts may not take upon themselves to copy the tribunal at Clermont-Ferrand, or what amount of common sense and justice may not in that case be applied to the administration of constitutional law in France.

This is not the only, though it is the most serious, defeat that the French Government has lately sustained. In the department of the Charente the official candidate has been rejected by a majority of about 4,000 votes. The contest is distinguished from most French elections by the appear-

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ance of a candidate who belongs to the Opposition in the English rather than in the French sense of the word. M. LAROCHE JOUBERT is neither a Democrat, nor an Orleanist, nor a Legitimist. His object in entering the Corps Législatif is to correct and check the action of a Government which he has no desire to see displaced. His antagonism will be directed against the Imperial Ministers, not against the Imperial dynasty. Of course a man of this character is not so formidable an adversary as most of those who at present constitute the Opposition in the Legislature. Indeed, it is quite possible that the EMPEROR would be well advised in not regarding such politicians in the light of adversaries at all. But in order to achieve this he must change the whole character of his Government. A Parliamentary Opposition is impossible without Ministerial responsibility, and Ministerial responsibility is necessarily incompatible with personal government. As soon as a man with the views professed by M. LAROCHE JOUBERT takes his seat in the Corps Législatif, he discovers that his only means of influencing the policy of the Government is to ally himself with those who are opposed to much which he would wish to see maintained. The one way in which public opinion in France can be brought to bear upon the authorities is by preventing this or that measure being introduced, or this or that policy proposed. If once a definitive step has been taken, the EMPEROR is pledged in his own person to its being gone through with. Consequently he looks upon every adverse vote as a formal declaration of hostility, not merely against his Cabinet, but against himself. The result of this is that every really independent member is as much an accession to the Opposition strength as though he were the declared representative of the "old parties." The authorities see this clearly enough, and though they now are eager to claim M. LAROCHE JOUBERT as a supporter of the Government, they spared no pains to secure votes for the other candidate. If other constituencies should discover that, however friendly you may be to Imperialism as against Republicanism or Monarchy, it is of no use to elect a Deputy merely to register the decrees of the Imperial Ministers, we may yet witness a resurrection of Parliamentary Government in France.

MR. GLADSTONE'S DEFEAT.

MR. GLADSTONE himself, with his customary disregard of policy, has thought it proper and "earnest," by a rash anticipation, to appraise the value of the South-West Lancashire election. If Lancashire, by returning Mr. GLADSTONE, was understood by Mr. GLADSTONE "to confirm the recorded verdict of the nation," it follows that, by rejecting Mr. GLADSTONE, the verdict of the nation would be seriously impaired. But this is not all. The seat was sought, not merely as marking "an approval of Mr. GLADSTONE's personal claims, which are nothing," or "to give authority to his opinions, which are of no account," but on public grounds. Not that at the very moment when, with this touching humility, Mr. GLADSTONE described himself as less than the least, he did not with the same breath, and in utter unconsciousness of any inconsistency, claim the seat on the ground of personal and vested rights in the Lancashire representation which even a Tory Duke might shrink from announcing in such undisguised arrogance. "From the place where I was born, from the place where I was bred, from the place where my family have been for ninety years, and where they still pursue the honourable commerce of this country," Mr. GLADSTONE claims not to be expelled. He demands "not to be turned out of his proper house because some one else would take him in as a beggar and a vagrant." He pleads not to become "a Parliamentary vagrant." This headlong indiscretion in making so much of this particular election has borne its fruit. It was quite possible to have extenuated the importance of Mr. GLADSTONE's defeat had he not been at the expense of such a torrent of voluble egotism to amplify and exaggerate it by this thoughtless anticipation. The very most and the very worst that could be said of the importance of Mr. GLADSTONE's defeat has been said by Mr. GLADSTONE himself. Very likely he anticipated his fall. Lancashire had already spoken with ominous decision. But this would have been a reason, to a prudent and cautious and statesmanlike mind, not to stake such tremendous issues on a single contest. If he fore-saw failure, he ought at any rate to have minimized it. We will do that for Mr. GLADSTONE which he could not, and now cannot, do for himself. "Voices," he had the imprudence to remark, "should be weighed as well as counted," and the Tories have adopted the axiom under the advantages of

weighing the Lancashire voice at that tremendous ponderosity at which Mr. GLADSTONE thought proper to rate it. For ourselves, in election matters we are content to take the grovelling view, and on a division we prefer sordid counting. And this in some measure reconciles us to Mr. GLADSTONE's failure, and to a good many other failures. After all, what we want is a Liberal majority of a hundred, and whether the future Premier sits for shabby Greenwich or for "his proper house" is only important to Mr. GLADSTONE; and very important Mr. GLADSTONE thinks it, and, unfortunately, has said that he thinks it.

Mr. GLADSTONE has been defeated partly on public, partly on private, grounds. That he is the foremost man, and the very hero of the epic which is now in the swing of action, tells both ways or neither way. The most distinct and concentrated assault on any particular point only calls out the most distinct and concentrated defence. If it was the Tory policy to risk everything against Mr. GLADSTONE, it was equally the Liberal policy to risk everything upon him. It is nonsense therefore to talk about superior organization, or profuse expenditure, or unreasoning prejudice, or class influences as accounting for the Liberal disasters in Lancashire. The Liberals have been rejected, and the great leader of the Liberals emphatically has been rejected, because the Lancashire electors generally dislike and distrust the Liberal policy, and because the South-West Lancashire electors in particular not only dislike and distrust the Liberal policy in general, but, moreover, are not attracted—rather repelled—by Mr. GLADSTONE personally, and have failed to be moved by his eminence, by his powers, by his many virtues, by his distinction in every capacity, by his past services, by his future dignities and responsibilities. This is the simple fact, and it is idle to attempt to make more or less of it. The Lancashire vote is a curious and somehow or other, a significant political phenomenon, but it is one for the explanation of which we have hardly at present sufficient grounds. We cannot deduce the theory of it till we have got hold of all the particulars. And, for ourselves, we do not profess to have mastered the facts. Most likely there is some sort of law at work, but we have as yet not ascertained the elements on which to announce it. But still we may try to master some of the facts of the case. Now, first, what is this Lancashire mind which has taken such an odd form? Why should it be localized? It is easy to say that wealth, and the well-to-do contentedness which prosperity fosters, has a tendency towards Conservatism. This can only be partially true, for as we have all here in England become better off, and richer, and with more to spend and more to lose, within the last thirty or forty years, we ought *ex hypothesi* to be all more Conservative, whereas the undoubted fact is that we are all much more Liberal. It cannot then be true, generally speaking, that material prosperity tends to disparage a Liberal policy; and it does not half account for the Lancashire reaction to say that the Lancashire mind has deteriorated under the debasing influences of prosperity. Again, the puny plea that the Liberals have been rejected because the Tories were stimulated into unwonted activity and were better organized means nothing except that the Tories value their principles, and the Liberals do not; which is a very poor topic of consolation. The palliation offered for South Lancashire grounded upon the special nature of the issue of the Irish Church, and the argument that this question presents itself under other aspects to Lancashire than to the rest of the political world, deserves closer examination. Mr. GLADSTONE, Liberal as he is, has been on a former occasion elected by the constituents who have just rejected him. Not without something like an honest pride, he adverted to this fact on the day of nomination. The Irish Church question, it is urged, makes all the difference. Lancashire was, and Lancashire may be still, Liberal to the core; but it cannot stand disestablishment. But for this question Mr. GLADSTONE might have represented or occupied his "proper house" till the day of his death. The fact seems to be that Lancashire is extremely Protestant, and that its Protestantism is of the semi-Puritanical Ulster type of Protestantism, and that this feeling leads Lancashire men to very close sympathies with the Irish Establishment, while a painful and personal and perpetual experience of the faults of the Irish character, as exhibited in the Irish immigrants through Liverpool into the great manufacturing towns of the North, prejudices the same Lancashire mind against a measure which is, or can plausibly be, represented as being a special boon to the Irish Romanists. That is to say, in Lancashire there are special and local considerations which influence public opinion to love the Irish Protestants and to hate the Irish Romanists with a more ardent

affection and with more bitter animosity than the rest of the world. And we are told that this is the true reason why Liberalism is at this particular crisis at a discount, and Mr. GLADSTONE in especial disfavour, with Lancashire. This may be so; the solution looks plausible; but it has a fanciful and literary air about it; it suggests a manufactured and artificial and *ex post facto* explanation. It has a Gladstonian and over-subtle look, and to demonstrate it would require a very extensive induction of Lancastrian instances, one more extensive than is at our command.

We fall back upon a humbler view of the matter. Mr. GLADSTONE did not lose by a very large majority; what if this majority, less than three hundred, represents the sort of people whom Mr. GLADSTONE has the untoward art and trick of alienating and exasperating? It is quite a commonplace to say that Mr. GLADSTONE was much more popular with the country than with the House of Commons, and that somehow or other he was always plaguing, irritating, offending, and driving off his friends. Why this was so, few persons said, perhaps because few liked to say. But there was the fact. Nobody denied it. His rejection in South Lancashire must be partly, we do not say wholly, because he is not popular. To despise and contemn popular arts is to a man's credit. But Mr. GLADSTONE does not disdain popular arts; the unlucky thing is that the more he tries to be popular the less he succeeds. His stumping is very clumsy and badly managed. He overdoes the part, and he wearis the world with his exuberance of excellences, and the redundancy of his claims and vehement assaults on popular confidence. We said last week that the constituencies generally in the contested elections have, rather than otherwise, taken the dull man. Mr. GLADSTONE, the fact is, was too good and great, too vast, too copious, too speculative, too emphatic, too earnest, too transcendently sincere and conscientious, and too elaborately and profusely careful to let us all know how sincere and conscientious he was, not to make some people—and they happened to be enough to make the difference of the majority against him—just weary of him. No doubt this is much to Mr. GLADSTONE's credit. ARISTIDES got sent to the Athenian Greenwich because the fickle people were bored by his goodness. The sacred instance of a prophet who has no honour in his own country may be confronted with the flippant *mot* that nobody is a hero to his own valet. Mr. GLADSTONE contrived to let South Lancashire know a great deal too much about him. He was in his proper house, and a vast deal too familiar, too domestic, too confidential. A hero ought to be veiled and suffused with a cloudy obscurity. He looms larger through the happy haze of distance. Familiarity disillusionizes. Mr. GLADSTONE has uttered, as some JEDEDIAH BUXTON has calculated it, some sixty thousand words by way of recommending himself to South Lancashire. We need go no further nor deeper for a reason why South Lancashire rejected him. South Lancashire, being of human flesh and blood, could not stand this interminable lecturing. The present number of that agreeable miscellany *Notes and Queries*, in investigating the meaning of the vulgar phrase about "talking a horse's hind leg off," says that it is "a Lancashire expression." If this be so, it seems to point out to a certain innate and vernacular Lancashire distaste to profuse talk and sixty thousand words of self-assertion. After all, Mr. GLADSTONE is hardly so much to be commiserated as that unfortunate *umbra* MR. HENRY GRENFELL, who was not only compelled to be a sad listener to his friend's exuberant and exhaustive oratory, but sacrificed a sure seat at St. Ives for the barren honour of acting tail up and down South Lancashire. Mr. GRENFELL has fared worse than the nursery hero, for he shot at a pigeon and missed the crow, while Mr. GLADSTONE in his twelve Lancashire speeches fairly preached himself out of his Lancashire seat. Then Mr. ROBERTSON GLADSTONE, who recommended his brother as partaker in the Divine sufferings and character, did him more harm than we at a distance can quite understand. And, as though on purpose to make matters worse, Mr. GLADSTONE chose the very eve of the polling-day for the publication of an autobiography which in this place we shall not characterize except to say that it was precisely the thing which was wanting to give some justification to the charge of inordinate vanity, and the love of talking about himself, which his enemies fasten on him. In a word, throughout this contest Mr. GLADSTONE has, with more than usual profusion, committed almost every error in judgment which he could be guilty of. The result is a matter of deep regret, but of less surprise. The worst of it is that it shows that the near attainment of the highest power exercises no perceptible influence on Mr. GLADSTONE's faults of temper and judgment. He gets rather worse than better; in proportion

as he is required to be more sober, more reticent, and more prudent, he gets more gushing, more voluble, more indiscreet. It is almost hoping against hope to expect that this kindly frost of failure will do Mr. GLADSTONE good. There are cases in which to cut down the luxuriant growth of successes settles and calms a man for life. Mr. GLADSTONE is, we fear, too old to learn discretion. He has had warnings enough. He will carry his question; but he will carry it amid the same misgivings and fears, on the part of his friends and of the Liberal party generally, of which this Lancashire election shows the existence and the local strength.

MR. DISRAELI AND THE IRISH RACE.

MR. DISRAELI'S mode of accounting for Irish discontent has afforded infinite amusement beyond the limits of the hustings on which the solution of the problem was propounded. After serving this purpose it will probably be dismissed as an item of the "chaff" with which his speech, and the speeches of many other candidates, were seasoned. Still, though the Buckinghamshire electors laughed at it then, and many of the journals have laughed at it since, there was, as there often is in Mr. DISRAELI's paradoxes, a leaven of truth. The explanation of Fenianism by the double fact that the Irishman is an imaginative being and lives next to a melancholy ocean, sounds as if it were very funny. But, when it is expanded from its epigrammatic form, it certainly loses something of that irrelevancy and whimsicality which it first wore. Half of the misery and two-thirds of the discontent of Irishmen are due to their imaginative faculty. In the days of actual and tangible oppression this quality enabled them to substitute dreams of the unreal and the remote for a contemplation of the misery which surrounded them. Half-famished and less than half-clothed, the Irish peasant of other days carried about with him a charm against hunger and cold. There was a sunshine in his heart which kept out the winter's blast, and there were musings in his brain which were as good as raiment and food. His temperament was always poetical, and therefore not untinged with melancholy. But his elastic spirits and ready wit were so much more conspicuous that for three generations no drama or novel was complete without the impersonation of careless gaiety in the form of the typical Irishman. The "gassoon" in tatters who is never sad, the ex-captain who has lost everything but his joke and his good-humour, or the servant-man who retorts a drubbing with a jest, are only exaggerated forms of popular impressions. And it is strange that all this levity and reckless gaiety have entirely disappeared. Hardly a tourist returns from Ireland nowadays with the recollection of a native joke. Not only has he found the people not gay and cheery, but he has often found them reserved, silent, and morose. Sometimes they would not speak at all; at other times they would speak in a sullen and half angry mood. And the curious thing is that the people which was selected as the type of reckless gaiety had many and severe privations to contend with, lived in a normal state of indigence, and was exposed to periodical visitations of famine; whereas the people which is sullen and silent is comparatively in a condition of physical comfort and material prosperity. This only confirms Mr. DISRAELI's imputation of imaginativeness. The same quality which blinded Irishmen to actual suffering blinds them to actual improvement. Having few grievances of the present, they revert to the grievances of the past. Our duller Saxon race cares only for the present and the palpable. Injure or oppress it, it will combine to remove the injustice or put down the oppressor. When the wrong is righted, it will not care to dwell on the recollection of bygones, or to feed its imagination with the dream of a remote vengeance. It finds life too short for the indulgence of poetical fancies, and bounds its views by the attainment of practical objects. Not so the Irish race. It is not satisfied with the ordinary objects of human ambition—more trade, more wealth, better food to eat, better clothes to wear. Such outward things dwell not in its desire. It sighs to work a miracle; to arrest the progress of the age, to throw Time hundreds of years back in his course, and to bring into the nineteenth century the customs, tenures, septs, passions, feuds, and savagery of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Its imagination makes it see these things, not as they were, but through a medium of the most brilliant colouring. It is this poetry of the imagination that keeps alive in the memories of the race wrongs which hardly made an impression on its mind when they were first inflicted, and suggests other wrongs which never were inflicted at all. What people unblessed with a most wayward and whimsical

ideality could have exhibited themselves as certain Irish residents in London are said to have done last Sunday? It is a wild kind of enthusiasm which hallows the memory of convicted murderers by a solemn procession in an out-of-the-way district. But what can be said of those who rig themselves out in their best and tramp in long procession through the miry streets of a populous metropolis, to hymn the praises of three wretched men who murdered a constable in the discharge of his duty? And what can be said of those who dinned the Park with the mixture of fustian and scurrility that was deemed a fit funeral oration over the Manchester assassins? How can we explain the insane hallucination which first perverts Fenianism into a virtue, and then elevates its agents into heroes? Surely Mr. DISRAELI was not far wrong when he cited contiguity to the melancholy ocean as a cause of this idiosyncrasy. The ocean has done a great wrong to Ireland; it has got between it and England; it has made two countries and two peoples where it would have been for our good that there should be only one country and one people. It has consigned the more imaginative race to a small island and the historical associations of conquest and submission. It has removed them virtually to an infinite distance from the central seats of order, industry, law, and enterprise. It has stamped them with the attributes of provincial dependence. It has deprived them of the softening and civilizing influence which comes from contact with large numbers and superior wealth.

Nor has the ocean been the only malefic agency at work on the fortunes and character of Irishmen. Nature has restricted the fertility of the island to pasture lands and children—two kinds of produce eminently inconsistent with each other. She has denied to it the contiguous possession of the two minerals which have enabled England to weather perilous conjunctures and protracted wars. There are no great iron-works, there is little coal, there are few great factories, in Ireland. The bulk of the population, despite the terrible warnings of the great famine, still clings to the soil, and, if it only might, would carve it into barren morsels for a hungry and multiplying peasantry. It is no wonder that people, under such circumstances, should be sullen and discontented; should be angry with themselves and with everybody else, and should brood over the historical grievances of a past age. Perhaps to this fatuous melancholy we may attribute a calamity as severe as ever afflicted any land, but which is seldom mentioned in reference to Ireland. As it was absolutely necessary that every trade which was compatible with her soil and climate should be cultivated as carefully as possible, her evil genius inspired her sons with the wrongheaded wilfulness which destroyed almost every native industry in turn. While they cried out against the selfishness and injustice of England, they themselves wrought upon their country the greatest wrong that strikes, conspiracies, and turbulence could inflict; they drove away the trade for which they clamoured, and the wealth for which they pined. With such a people it is difficult to devise any practicable line of policy, for the reason that they so little regard any practical standard of national weal. What can one do with men who seek, towards the close of the nineteenth century, to avenge the sufferings endured by their great-grandfathers at the beginning of the eighteenth, and who menace the overthrow of the British Empire in retaliation for the destruction of the barbarous septs of a thousand years ago? What can we do with a race which replies to every conciliatory proposal by scornful defiance, and tells us that nothing will satisfy it short of an independent Republic, planted within six hours' sail of our own shores? To talk of satisfying its demands by knocking off a few bishops and rectors, disestablishing Protestantism, and transferring some 500,000 a-year to a body of prim Commissioners, is an exquisite travesty on Dame PARTINGTON'S bulwark against the Atlantic Ocean. Everybody, except Mr. GLADSTONE, sees in the attitude of the Irish population, whether in England or Ireland, the deep-seated impressions of race. Mr. GLADSTONE may come to see the same thing in the course of a year, or a month, or a week. Meanwhile Mr. DISRAELI's epigram is nearer the truth than what his rival's admirers have called "Mr. GLADSTONE's generous statesmanship."

The fact is, from whatever point it may be viewed, a very grave fact. On the other side of a small strip of "melancholy ocean" we have about four millions of people whom nothing that we can do appears likely to satisfy, who reject our attempts to conciliate and resist our attempts to repress them, who fix their eyes on the most distant and impossible object, and declare they will be contented with nothing short of it. If these people were able to conquer us, we should almost be glad to submit to the humili-

ation of a surrender, in order to get rid of a great trouble. But we know that if they would only rise in armed revolt, we could put them down in a month. We know equally well that if to-morrow, on Mr. GLADSTONE's motion, we disengaged ourselves from them and bade them set up for themselves, they would still inundate our cities, still burden our rates, and still drag us for employment or alms. In fact, we never could be entirely rid of them. The same "melancholy ocean" which separates them from us to their own prejudice would bring them over to us for their gain. And they would continue to be in our cities and centres of industry what they are now, the perpetual incentives of riot and turbulence, the abiding examples of thriftlessness and dirt.

Mr. GLADSTONE, in one of his fits of "generous statesmanship," lately instructed his Lancashire audience that the Irish are good subjects in Canada and Australia, because they have good government there, and that they would be good subjects here if they were well governed here. He hit on a fact, and missed its purport. The Irishman in Canada and Australia is a good subject, because in general he is isolated from the great body of his countrymen, and lives in close contact with men of other races and other traditions. He is not perpetually ranting tags of speeches by Irish patriots, or humming airs of songs by Irish bards, or keeping alive an ardent hatred of the "Saxon" over corn-whisky. He has other labours and other cares. He has to fell the forest, clear the land, sow the corn, the potatoes, and the grass, to shoot his bears or tether his horses; in fact, to do everything of the most civic and anti-revolutionary kind. In the cities of the United States, unfortunately for himself and for us, he is mixed up with the vast Irish residuum, in which he remains heating his blood with bad passions and worse whisky, giving a vast deal of trouble to the Government of his adopted country, and no little uneasiness to ours. And if he becomes a soldier abroad, his combativeness receives an enormous development, as all of us can testify. If every Irishman in America could be surrounded with three Englishmen and Germans, and sent off within twenty-four hours of his arrival at New York to dig, delve, plough, sow, and reap in Michigan or Ohio, it would be a prodigious gain to the people of two hemispheres. While we deplore this Celtic combination in America, we cannot forget how strongly it exists among ourselves, how powerful is the spirit of Irish nationality and Irish isolation in our own great cities—in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Stockport. It is easier to state the fact than to propound a remedy for its results. But it must strike everybody that there has been as great a want of prudence and policy as of charity and generosity in the treatment which has kept successive generations of Irish denizens strangers and aliens from the people among whom they have lived, laboured, and died. Whatever may have been the repulsion between English and Irish adult workmen, there must have been a very narrow and shortsighted prejudice on the part of English employers, gentry, clergy, or local functionaries, which prevented them from adopting Irish children (especially orphan children) into the brotherhood of English citizenship. What would have been the strength of Irish nationality or the vehemence of Irish antagonism in England, if every Irish child born on this side of the Channel in hopeless poverty had been adopted by the State, trained up in its service, and under its auspices?

CONFessions OF A STATESMAN.

IF vulgar scurrility furnishes a sufficient reason for a formal apology, Mr. GLADSTONE is justified in publishing his surprising *Chapter of Autobiography*; yet, if he had not descended to quote some raving nonsense about "would-be demagogues gibbeted and swinging in the winds of the fool's paradise," it might have been thought that declamatory abuse could scarcely disturb the serenity of a statesman. His explanation of his change of opinion will be equally uninteresting and unintelligible to the inventors and propagators of silly scandals. At the East Essex nomination on Monday last the seconder of a candidate asserted that Mr. GLADSTONE was a co-trustee with Cardinal CULLEN of a large fund for the propagation of the Roman Catholic religion. Another notorious offender against social and political propriety had shortly before assured an admiring audience that Mr. GLADSTONE was "the most insidious, unscrupulous, and unprincipled man who ever sat in the House of Commons"; that "when he was turned out of office in 1846, he said he would be revenged on the country gentlemen, and that he had never left them alone, and would not till, as he said he would, he had destroyed every country gentleman within his reach." The

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proper answer to such charges is, not a proof that Mr. GLADSTONE is conscientious, but a reference to the fact that the speaker was the same Duke of BEAUFORT who lately engaged in correspondence with the Rev. Mr. BURGES. If either the Duke or the Essex squire should happen to meet with Mr. GLADSTONE's pamphlet, they will be equally incapable of understanding his reasoning, or of appreciating his habitual reference to general principles and to duty. No discussion can take place between adversaries who stand on an entirely different intellectual and moral level.

For friends and for educated and fair opponents the apology was in no way needed. That a speech or measure of to-day is inconsistent with a book published thirty years ago is a charge involving not the faintest suspicion of dishonesty. Circumstances change in the course of a generation, and a great Parliamentary leader must have a barren and unreciprocal nature if he has not learnt and forgotten much in his progress from early promise to power. As Mr. GLADSTONE candidly confesses, no human being but himself held in 1838 precisely the doctrines which he then advocated; and the presumption is that he has done rightly in adopting, more or less, the ways of thinking of the rest of the world. If the invisible burden of his unlucky book at any time weighed on his conscience, he had at least, as he painfully relates, cut himself free in 1845. It happened that the endowment of Maynooth, then placed by Sir ROBERT PEEL on a permanent footing, was logically incompatible with Mr. GLADSTONE's cobweb of theories about Church and State; and, although he approved and supported the measure, he thought proper to do public penance by resigning his place in his Cabinet. The *Chapter of Autobiography* is a far less striking illustration of the weakness which besets a too scrupulous conscience. It is true that politicians in general, having no vivid sympathy with Mr. GLADSTONE's subtle trains of thought, may not have understood that the book stood or fell as a whole, or that assent to the Maynooth Grant involved a recantation of the sacredness of the Irish Establishment; but Mr. GLADSTONE had given notice to imaginary censors that his opinions were changing, and it was their business, if they so wished, to trace out the ulterior consequences of his conversion. A further advertisement was, it seems, contained in his vote against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill in 1851. It might have been supposed that, like the other opponents of the Bill, Mr. GLADSTONE relied on obvious arguments of justice and of common sense. The more immovably the Protestant Church was established, the more irrelevant to secular legislation were the internal arrangements of a nonconformist sect. Mr. GLADSTONE now intimates that, if he had retained his early opinions as to the duty of the State, he might have hesitated to oppose Lord RUSSELL's feeble pretence of persecution. It is much more to the purpose to quote the speech on Mr. DILWYN's motion in 1851, in which Mr. GLADSTONE plainly announced his withdrawal from the support of the Irish Establishment. The speech attracted the more attention, because it was thought scarcely compatible with loyalty to his absent leader. It was observed that from that time Lord PALMERSTON, when he was unable to attend the House, was generally represented by Sir GEORGE GREY. Mr. GLADSTONE cannot prevent his enemies from saying or believing that he brought forward the Resolutions of last Session under the influence of party motives. It is quite enough if he knows for his own satisfaction the falsehood of a charge which, if it were true, would not be of the gravest nature. When Lord PALMERSTON, two months after he had been tripped up by Lord JOHN RUSSELL, turned out the Government on an Amendment to a Militia Bill, he acted, no doubt, exclusively with a view to effective military administration; but if he had been accused of a desire to punish a slippery friend, he would never have written a *Chapter of Autobiography* to disprove the charge. In truth, Mr. GLADSTONE's apology has no bearing on any issue except the relation of his present policy to the doctrines of his book; and, but for his character and position, it is difficult to imagine a less interesting inquiry. He showed much perversity of moral judgment when he resigned on the Maynooth Grant; and it is evident that he still misapprehends as utterly as in 1845 the comparative importance of great public questions and of his own casuistical scruples.

In carefully erasing for the second time from his character a stain which had been visible only to himself, Mr. GLADSTONE has called attention to some defects in the fabric. It is nothing that a young man should have propounded a doctrine which happened to be false. The inability of a veteran statesman to understand that practical conduct cannot be controlled by phrases and abstract propositions indicates more serious

weakness. Mr. GLADSTONE's book was founded on the dogma that the State has a conscience; a metaphorical formula of about the same value with scores of similar axioms which are annually extemporized by Mr. DISRAELI. The only difference is that Mr. DISRAELI forgets his squibs and crackers as soon as they are exploded. In another field Mr. GLADSTONE himself indulges in the production of paradoxes which are as harmless as they are odd. No one can be the worse for the assertion that LATONA is EVE or the VIRGIN MARY, or that HELEN of Troy is a type of the Eastern Church. Even the Edinburgh prelection of three years ago, in which Mr. GLADSTONE reduced sacred and profane history into a kind of infantine see-saw constructed by Providence for some singular purpose of edification, was not incompatible with sound judgment on more practical issues. The scholastic dogma that the State has a conscience may have many meanings. In Mr. GLADSTONE's sense the words implied that the governing body was bound to hold a definite religious creed and to propagate it. Like many other obsolete opinions, the theory of a State conscience had recently been refurbished up in a new form, and Mr. GLADSTONE probably derived his favourite doctrine from the misty eloquence of COLERIDGE. It was also held by Dr. ARNOLD, who applied it to an imaginary State and Church of his own, in which Jews, infidels, and perhaps Unitarians, were to be the only victims of political proscription. Mr. GLADSTONE understood that on his own principle the Test Act ought to be repealed, although he wrote Mr. MACAULAY a letter on the subject, which it is to be hoped Mr. MACAULAY understood. He ought to have seen that the impossibility of following his argument to its legitimate conclusion afforded a sufficient answer to any number of verbal sophisms or dogmas. It may have been expedient to maintain the Irish Church, and also to endow Maynooth; and the best English statesmen of the present century have wished to carry much further the anomaly which shocks Mr. GLADSTONE. The adoption or rejection of that or any other policy, the retention or abolition of the most useless benefice in Connaught, ought not to be affected in the smallest degree by idle fictions about the conscience of a State. It is intolerable to boil down history, after the French fashion, into rhetorical generalizations; but the propensity to extract phrases from politics, and to exalt them into rules of action, involves far more practical mischief.

The diffuseness and awkwardness which are common to all Mr. GLADSTONE's written works are the smallest faults of his *Chapter of Autobiography*. His inability to comprehend the really vulnerable points of his position is a much graver defect. His followers, who have no doubt of his scrupulous honesty of purpose, while they feel imperfect confidence in his wisdom, will not be impressed by an almost effeminate confession published in the midst of a great political crisis. Their anxiety will be increased when they find that Mr. GLADSTONE is still perplexed by a piece of solemn nonsense which had unluckily mastered his understanding thirty years ago. If Mr. GLADSTONE, the brilliant orator and comprehensive financier, had never risen above the level of his retrospective meditations, he would have shared the impunity which might have attended CICERO as a mere poet:—

“O fortunatum natum me Consule Romanum.”
Antoni gladios potuit contemnere, si sic
Omnia dixisset.

The abuse of the Duke of BEAUFORT and his like is happily more innocuous than the swords of ANTONY; but it might have been avoided by a life devoted exclusively to reflections on the conscience of the State. If Mr. GLADSTONE had at any time of his life made or appreciated a joke, he would have escaped the blunder of writing his autobiography.

THE AUSTRIAN RED-BOOK.

NAMES sometimes make more impression than events, and the internal revolution which has been going on in Austria since the battle of Sadowa will now be a reality to many people who as yet have hardly recognised the change. The Empire of Austria exists no longer. By the terms of the EMPEROR'S letter of November 14, dualism is henceforth to be inscribed on all the acts of the Government. FRANCIS JOSEPH, indeed, will still call himself Emperor of Austria, but never except in conjunction with his co-equal title, King Apostolic of Hungary. His dominions will be the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, or the Austro-Hungarian Empire. In his own august person he will in future be referred to as His Imperial and Royal Apostolic Majesty. In form, therefore, as well as in substance, the Hungarian demands have been all conceded. The surrender has wisely been made as complete as possible, and Hungary has literally nothing left to ask for,

unless she desires to try her fortunes as an absolutely independent State. Happily for herself and for Austria, her Legislature shows no disposition to proceed to this extreme. In the bad times that are gone the Hungarian statesmen purposely pitched their terms too high, because they distrusted the sincerity of the Austrian Government. Of late they have shown that, when fairly dealt with, they can be moderate as well as resolute. There are hot spirits still left in the country who may hereafter be a source of trouble; but, in the main, the preference of the Hungarian people for a policy of reasonable concession is too marked to be a mere passing fancy. Whatever other difficulties may be in store for Austria, Hungary may, in all human probability, be removed from the list. The arrangement that the Delegations shall meet alternately at Vienna and Pesth, and the compromise recently effected with Croatia, have for the time appeased all parties. Whether the reconciliation will be permanent as well as complete, is another question; and it is easy to conceive subjects which would once more arouse the animosities so happily laid to rest. If, for example, Austria were to plunge needlessly into war, the new-born loyalty of the Hungarians might be sorely tried. The Constitution of the Empire as at present fixed makes no adequate provision for such a conjuncture, and the weakness of divided authority would for that reason make itself seriously felt.

But the conduct of the Government is now determined by motives which make it extremely unlikely that such a difficulty will arise at present. War seems to be the very last contingency which finds a place in Baron BEUST's calculations. To all appearance he is thoroughly convinced of the difficulty of the task he has undertaken, and he may safely be trusted not to create obstacles for himself in addition to those created for him by others. The introduction to the Red-book just laid before the Delegations breathes peace in every sentence. The isolation in which Austria has been placed in consequence of the war of 1866 is turned to the best account. She is represented as absolutely free from obligations of any kind, and she has obviously no intention of contracting fresh ones. She desires to keep up friendly relations with the South German States, but she is equally anxious to be on neighbourly terms with Prussia and the North German Confederation. As to the affairs of North Schleswig, she completely washes her hands of them. The article which binds Prussia to restore the territory to Denmark was not inserted at Austria's suggestion, and the only part she has taken in the subsequent negotiations has been to "recommend to the parties interested" "an early settlement of the disputed points"—a pretty plain hint that if France, at whose instance the article was inserted, is anxious to see it carried out, she must do so at her own costs and charges. Whatever secret hopes Baron BEUST may still cherish of a recovered ascendancy in Germany, he certainly does not expect to see them realized by force of arms. Possibly he lays too much stress on the slow working of that sympathetic interest in the constitutional development of Austria which he attributes to her German neighbours. That this sentiment may hereafter exert an appreciable influence on German politics is quite on the cards, but we question whether Austria herself will reap any benefit from its operation beyond the virtuous satisfaction of having contributed to the improvement of her kinsfolk. The contemplation of constitutional freedom in Austria is extremely likely to disgust the North Germans with the scarcely veiled autocracy of Count BISMARCK. Only it does not follow that they will draw from the comparison the precise lesson which Baron BEUST may intend it to suggest. Whether the German people will ultimately be united under Prussia as she is, may be doubtful. But they are more likely to give their minds to making Prussia what they would have her than to substitute Austria as the agent in the unifying process. The possession of large dominions beyond the German frontier must necessarily give non-German interests a corresponding place in the Austro-Hungarian policy; and this consideration would always operate as a disadvantage in the competition with a purely German Power.

The genuine alarm with which the Austro-Hungarian Government regards the possibility of a war is clearly shown by the tone of the Red-book on the Eastern question. If Austria were a strong Power, she might look to making a good thing out of the overthrow of the Turkish dominion. Whenever that day comes, it will be the interest of Western Europe to provide some adequate counterpoise to Russian aggrandizement; and no more effectual means of doing this can be devised than the extension of Austrian territory on the Lower Danube. Even if this plan were rejected, Austria could hardly fail to be a gainer so long as the cardinal principle of checking the advance of Russia was kept in view as

the basis of an ultimate arrangement. Russia is now Austria's most dangerous enemy, and the formation of an independent Slavonic State would naturally set bounds to the progress of Russian propagandism, while the internal prosperity of the newly-established kingdom would scarcely be so conspicuous as to excite any serious desire for annexation in the border provinces of Austria. Baron BEUST, however, has no thoughts to spare for these remote contingencies. Two ideas only find a place in his mind—the fear lest the present policy of the Roumanian Government may precipitate hostilities in the East, and the improbability that in this event Austria would be able to hold herself altogether aloof. This is the simplest explanation of the very severe lecture which Baron BEUST has read to Prince CHARLES. He makes no secret of his misgivings whether the Roumanian Government has "sincerely and willingly endeavoured to uphold its treaty engagements with the Porte," and whether in the present state of public feeling it has the power, even if it has the will, to preserve those engagements intact. He tells him further that the military strength of Roumania far exceeds the justifiable requirements of the country, and warns him that, if the Principalities disregard the restraints imposed on them by international treaties, they must be prepared to "renounce the privileges which those treaties assure them." Prince CHARLES will be the more inclined to pay attention to this reprimand because a similar caution has lately been conveyed to him from a more friendly quarter. The *Nord Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* has been at the pains to dissociate the Prussian Government from all complicity in the Roumanian agitation; and though, as a denial of what has taken place, this disclaimer is utterly worthless, it may safely be taken as an indication that Prussia does not wish to give any further cause for either French or Ranian intervention in the East.

The part of the introduction to the Red-book which relates to the negotiations with the Holy See is chiefly made up of civil assurances that nothing the POPE can say will make the least difference in the policy of the Austro-Hungarian Government, and that Baron BEUST does not mean to give the Roman Court the advantage which it would derive from a loss of temper on his part. It is unfortunate that the POPE, in two conspicuous instances, has shaped his conduct on a calculation fathered by a wish. If PIUS IX. had not believed that the Italian Kingdom would certainly break up, he would not have held out so steadily against the most favourable proposals for an adjustment of the differences between him and it. If he could now believe that the Constitutional system would be permanent in Austria, his tone on the Concordat would undergo an insensible change. In both cases he has still the power of inflicting some inconvenience upon the Governments to which he is opposed, and in both therefore he would be able to make terms which would leave him in undisputed possession of some things that a spiritual prince might be expected to think worth retaining. Those politicians who wish to see Europe settled rather than revolutionized have good ground for regretting this inability to believe that the objects of Papal dislike are not necessarily ephemeral. The extreme type of democracy has no surer friend than a Conservatism which shuts its eyes to facts; and the persistence of the Roman Church in doing so, wherever her temporal interests are at stake, constitutes a very serious danger to the cause of orderly freedom in Europe. The reflection that she will herself be the greatest sufferer by her obstinacy is calculated rather to gratify the instinct of retribution than to diminish apprehension as to the future.

PARLIAMENTARY CHECKS ON EXTRAVAGANCE

WE considered last week Mr. BRIGHT's allegation that the present system of framing and passing the Estimates affords no guarantee for proper economy, and we were driven to the conclusion that he was substantially right, and that, although the pressure of Parliament and the sense of responsibility on the part of the Cabinet may sometimes tend to reduce the aggregate amount of the Estimates, there is no security whatever against administrative waste. To point out a defect is, however, much easier than to suggest the true remedy, and it does not at all follow that Mr. BRIGHT's proposal of referring the Estimates to a Select Committee of the House might not make matters worse than they are at present. If the project is (as, to judge from Mr. BRIGHT's general views, seems not unlikely) to transfer the financial administration, and with it the whole financial responsibility, from the Cabinet to the House of Commons, nothing could well be more mischievous. The responsibility of a Select Committee becomes merged in

that of the House, and the responsibility of a body endowed with absolute sovereignty, as the House of Commons is in financial matters, is a contradiction in terms. Under such a system we should not have even the ghost of responsibility which now exists. We do not appeal to the example, bad as it is, of the United States as evidence of the necessary failure of direct Parliamentary administration, because the omnipotence of the lobby is a disturbing element in Congress from which it may be hoped that our Parliament would be exempt. But, even under the most favourable conditions, administration by the direct action of the House of Commons alone would, we are satisfied, leave the last state of the finances worse than the first.

It is quite possible, nevertheless, that the machinery of a Select Committee might be made very serviceable without endowing it with the initiative which Mr. BRIGHT seems to contemplate. Such a Committee would be the worst possible substitute even for the most careless and ill-informed Minister; but, though a bad substitute, it might be a more or less effective critic; and it is certain that, if the Estimates had to pass the ordeal of a small Committee instead of being smuggled or rushed through Committee of the whole House, Ministers and their subordinates would be more careful not to insert items that would not bear scrutiny, and would feel a greater instead of a less responsibility in consequence of the increased risk of being found out. Even in France, where the docile Government majority reduces the power of the Assembly to insignificance, the Budget Commission is not without appreciable influence on the Imperial Government, though, of course, no comparison of much value can be made between the representatives of what is little more than a sham Parliament and such a body as a Select Committee of the House of Commons.

There is a theoretical objection to making the action of the House efficient, which may be very shortly disposed of. It is often said that at present Ministers practically pass what votes they please, and cannot escape their full responsibility, but that, if the revision of the Estimates were made a reality instead of a sham, the burden would be shifted to the House of Commons. But this is not so. A Cabinet does not cease to be responsible for its general policy because Parliament debates and decides upon it, and Ministers who prepare votes must answer for their proposals, whether they are accepted or rejected. Mr. DISRAELI's followers sometimes attempted in recent hustings speeches to answer charges of extravagance by saying that the House of Commons had approved the Estimates of the Cabinet; but the Ministers themselves admitted their responsibility, and took the wiser course of producing figures to show that they had not really been as guilty as was supposed. Indeed, if revision by a superior authority is to be considered as annihilating Ministerial responsibility, it is destroyed as much in theory by a vote in Committee of the whole House as by a vote founded on a report of a Select Committee. The objection, in fact, if carried to its logical conclusion, would require that the Cabinet should have the power of passing its own Estimates, which would be paying rather a high price even for the most absolute Ministerial responsibility.

The real question is not one of theory, but of practice. The House of Commons does undertake the duty of passing or rejecting every item of the Estimates. Can this duty be best performed by a debate in which one ill-informed member states facts which another ill-informed member flatly contradicts, or by an inquiry conducted by a few competent men with the power of taking evidence on disputed allegations, and summoning the officers who have actually prepared the Estimates to explain why this or that item appears at all, and why the particular sum set against it was not more or less? To ask such a question is to answer it, and if such a Committee were constituted, there can be no doubt that Parliament and the country would know a vast deal more about the way the money goes than is allowed to leak out at present. Experience has proved this, if proof were needed. Now and then, when a member who criticizes expenditure happens to be strong enough, he does succeed in getting a Select Committee to inquire into some special branch of administrative outlay, and the result almost always is to expose and to check some abuse which has been eating into the resources of the country it may be for half a century. And it is material to observe that these inquiries are never in practice attended with any diminution of Ministerial responsibility. Take, for example, Mr. SEELY's Committee. When he made his charges in the House, he was met sometimes by flat contradictions, and at others by evasive answers. He got his Committee, and proved his case. It was wholly immaterial that the

Committee did not agree on a report. The evidence was printed and summed up in the Chairman's Draft Report, the facts were known, and the result has been to stop waste which had been going on almost time out of mind. We may be sure that in future iron ballast will not be laid down for pavement, and that no favoured firm will have anchor contracts at fifty per cent. above the market value of their goods. If a Standing Committee, not to initiate, but to criticize the Estimates, were appointed, we might fairly expect to obtain from it the same sort of benefits which result from such occasional inquiries as are now sanctioned. Probably the Government for the time being would always have a majority on the Committee, and an adverse report would be an exceptional occurrence; but the facts would come out, and the fear of such disclosures would prevent a score of improper items from ever being inserted, for every one that the Committee actually detected and exposed.

Responsibility would become much more real under such a régime than it is now. In theory, permanent officials are responsible only to the Minister; that is, to a person who derives all his information from them, and knows nothing which they do not desire that he should know. If every suspected item were subject to investigation by a Select Committee, however, the Minister could no longer be kept in ignorance, and would exercise a control over his subordinates which is now impossible. In this way we should no longer have the power of wasting money vested in officials subject to no effective supervision, but the real power of control would be given to the Minister, and given with conditions which would make him feel with double force the responsibility of exercising it. It is difficult to overestimate the legitimate saving which would be effected if every official, when engaged in preparing the Estimates, felt that he must not put down an item which he could not justify before a critical Committee, and that 20,000*l.* could not be spent, where 10,000*l.* would suffice, without his being called upon to give the reason why. It must not be said that the mere fact of making a permanent officer liable to a kind of cross-examination by a Select Committee would shift responsibility from the Cabinet to the officer himself. If errors were exposed, the blame would be properly cast upon the Minister who did not efficiently control erratic, and summarily dismiss incompetent, subordinates. Indirectly, the permanent staff, in whom the actual power of controlling the details of the Estimates rests, would find themselves under real responsibility, as every one who wields real power ought to be. But that would be in form a responsibility to their immediate political chiefs, who alone would be called to account by the House of Commons.

If any such plan were adopted, some care would be required to prevent the Committee from attempting to initiate where they ought only to criticize, and also to obviate the risk of the whole inquiry being rendered abortive by too minute an investigation of multitudinous items. Any man of business (and there need be no lack of such) would be able very quickly to put his finger upon the items most urgently requiring examination, and what actual disclosure did for one vote the possibility of it would do for the rest. A Select Committee, if constituted on the general basis we have indicated, might, we believe, be made a most effective engine in checking the discreditable waste which exists in all our Government departments; and if this is all that Mr. BRIGHT means, we have not a word to say against him. We are afraid, however, that he means much more than this.

PLANS.

PEOPLE who are fond of dividing human creatures by process of simple dichotomy into two classes, varying according to the variation in the principle of division, might perhaps find a more significant classification than many which they adopt, if they should separate the world into those who make plans and those who do not. Such a division would have a real root in nature, and would tell us in a single phrase ever so many things about the persons thus arranged. It is agreed that the will is practically the most important of the energies of the mind, because more than any other quality it determines the usefulness to a man himself, as well as to his neighbours, of all the rest of him. Now we can nowhere obtain a better view of the strength and other properties of the will than in considering the attitude taken with respect to plans. Does a man make them, or does he drift through life without them? Once made, are they his masters, or does he yet retain a hand over them? or does the mastery alternate, to the torment of all his days? How much effort does it need to form a plan, and how much to draw him away from the plan that he has formed? In answering these questions you fathom your friend's will to its very lowest depths. Obviously, too, a study of his plans, or his want

of them, reveals much else that is good for one to know; whether he makes them rapidly or tardily, whether after a broad and penetrating survey or only after a single glance over the facts, whether he is pleased to reach a conclusion or is restless and unhappy under it—all these points shed floods of light upon character, its prudence, insight, and general practicability. People often study character in an abstract and inferential way. They take a hint or two from this or that casual circumstance, and then construct the rest from this too slight foundation, as learned zoologists restore extinct creatures from a tooth. Nothing is so easy to do; no conclusion is so hard to expel from the mind as one thus formed, and none commonly so shallow and delusive. It is true that, as philosophers constantly enjoin upon us, we must needs argue from the known and ascertainable to the unknown; but then we must be fully certified that the known is adequate to bear the weight we put upon it of inference to the unknown, and that we do not mix up with the ascertainable and ascertained what is only hypothetical and inferred. And so, in reflecting on the character of acquaintances or intimates, a great deal of foolish misinterpretation, leading to all manner of social vexations and mishaps, would be averted if people would follow the right method, and observe a man simply, not in imputed motives and casual humours, nor only in one or two of the things which he does, but in the plans which he forms, and the firmness or otherwise with which he sticks to them. This thing or that which one does may be fortuitous, and in any case is only a fragment, not to be judged rightly except in its relations with a host of circumstances that are difficult or impossible to reach. A plan, on the contrary, covers enough ground, includes a sufficient quantity of motive and aspiration, stretches far enough, to lay open a complete set of facts about the person who has formed it. Here the motives are tolerably patent, and you are sure that they are genuine and characteristic, not merely the casual prompting of the hour or single incident; because, though all men are constantly liable to be drawn aside from their own nature by accident or mistake, everybody constructs his future course as he would wish it to be; and what a man wishes is a better test of his nature, from a friend's point of view, than any other. The world, of course, is mainly or entirely concerned with what he does, as is the friend too upon occasion.

If it were possible to sum up the miseries which have come to men from excess of plan, and the miseries which have sprung from defect of plan, it would probably be very difficult to strike a balance. We all of us know people who go to either extreme—those whose life is one long process of drifting, and their anti-types whose ways are drawn in framework of iron. One can hardly tell who of the two is the more luckless—the man who lives from hand to mouth, not merely in matters of money, but in purpose, project, and work done; or the other who, for want of tact and pliancy, misses opportunity, and fails to fit in with the thousand odd occasions which circumstances present, but for which his plan of cast iron has made no allowance. In each case there is tremendous waste. Only the irresolute unforeseeing person knows the misery of his own case. To the bystander he is usually a spectacle pleasantly ridiculous. He is an amusement to his friends, a half-humorous plague to those who have to live with him or work with him; but to himself he is more often than not a serious torment. To find food for debate and material for mental disputation whenever two courses are open, only one of which you can follow, seems to be the temper proper to the hero of a farce. Yet in fact it is more terrible than farcical to the hero himself to have to doubt and ponder and deeply deliberate which of two trains he shall take, which of two routes will suit him best, which of half a dozen tasks he shall set about first, which of two schemes of life will best meet the needs of the time, the scope of his own faculties, the range of his own opportunities. Unless he is a mere good-for-nothing, which on the whole very few men are, this indecision afflicts its victim as much as if it were a severe bodily sickness. The loss of time, first in the process of deliberation, and next in the interval between decision and action, the woful attrition of energy, and the general lowering of moral tone, overwhelm a man who has any conscience, and among his fellows he moves as one with a single leg and a single arm. His weakness is patent, and the world, with no will of his, soon finds out the skeleton.

The weakness of the over-provident people is less visible. To the careless outer eye they are worthy of the admiration and envy of all men. It is majestic never to be in doubt, never to halt between two desires, never to turn back, nor even dream of turning back, after putting the hand to the plough. No wonder that earnest novelists, especially if they be of the more eager and less concentered sex, run to this type for their heroes. To be able to make up one's mind in a trice, and then to be horribly unhappy if anything intervenes to hinder instant action upon one's resolution, is a temper for gods. A man of this stamp marches through life like the locomotive of an express train along the rails, and weaker brethren who are either without plans or else only mould them in clay or india-rubber look on the adamantine creature as a hypochondriac might survey a prizefighter fresh from his training. Yet adamant has its drawbacks. First of all, it is seldom found in natures of the finest quality. In the character of sweetest savour, of delicacy, considerateness, and humanity, there is mostly a touch of irresolution, a shade of unwillingness to form plans which may jar with the little interests and little wishes of this person or that, as most plans are found to do somehow or other. There is a rigidity and fixedness about a plan, if you intend to

stick to it, from which men of the finest calibre are apt to shrink; it works too peremptorily, is too square, for a mind with a lurking sympathy for vagueness in the outlines of a purpose. Again, anybody with a natural propensity towards a planned life is pretty sure to be deeply penetrated with egotism. Even those who make plans for the good of other people, as some of the most egotistic of human beings are immensely fond of doing, not uncommonly place their own personality in every detail and item, and any modification of the plan which would get rid of ever so little of this would render it no better than chaos in their eyes. The adamantine person is seldom amiable. Consideration for other people disturbs symmetry of construction and consistency of execution in plans. You have made your arrangements with every possible regard in anticipation for the well-being of everybody concerned, and, this being done, any interruption, arising either from changed circumstances or from independent opinion in the people concerned, is of the nature of an irrelevance, of which the man having what he thinks a proper respect for his own will and purpose cannot be expected to take much account. Few situations that the world offers are more miserable in their kind than the conjunction in marriage, in business, in trips of pleasure, of the creature of plans and the opposite kind of person to whom a plan is a burden and a terror. The brass pot and the earthen pot floating down the stream together are meet types of such a pair, clashing and striking against one another at every turn. The one who would fain drift easily from circumstance to circumstance, from one place to another, from a narrow present to a narrow future, is a fretting thorn in the flesh to the other for whom the present is a blank unless the future is exactly settled and defined; and the latter in turn, with his scheming and precision and detailedness, lays sore burdens on the weaker back of his companion. Perhaps, then, it is better to have a fragment of adamant in one's composition which may enlarge itself on fitting occasions than to be encased in it. Above all things it is needful in this world that one should be pliant and accommodating, not in principle, but in the manner of its application. For duty is a thing of difficulty and niceness, calling for much delicate pondering, much outlook on this side and on that, upon many circumstances and mutable conditions. Without this a man who simply "sticks to his principle," as he calls acting on the most rough and ready or most convenient interpretation of it that offers, is more likely than not to run amuck like a Malay, and come to an end grievous to himself and to all others who stand in his way. A habit of forming inflexible plans is very often no more than a neat artifice for shirking a laborious and interminable process. It saves the trouble of examining cases of conduct as they arise, and to a temperament that values prompt certainty more than the certainty of being as right as careful thought could make one, it is no small gain to have a mind made up, and a plan ready shaped and fixed, in the face of every contingency that may arise. Just as people are said sometimes to join the Church of Rome for certainty's sake, surrendering the right of private judgment by one tremendous act of private judgment, so an indolent waverer, working himself up by colossal effort, not seldom settles his plan in reference to a set of difficulties before him, and then adheres to it in spite of alteration of circumstances, just as though it rested on reason, and not on a stubbornness originally born of conscious weakness.

DISCIPLINE.

WHEN a shopkeeper in a country town is asked why he declines to make use of the public grammar-school, and prefers to distribute his sons among the different private academies of the place, he generally gives one or more of the following answers. First, the masters are too well paid, and don't take pains. Secondly, they are clergymen, or High Churchmen, or very proud. Thirdly, they teach too much Greek, and other useless things. Fourthly, they don't teach book-keeping, and other useful things. Fifthly, the schoolroom is too large or too small. Sixthly, there is a very low set of boys at the school. If the questioner presses home his inquiries, asking for explanations, evidence, and statements of fact, he will sometimes find that the answerer makes out a very good case against the school; and if this case should eventually be strengthened by independent witnesses, he will be apt to think that he has now got to the bottom of the matter, and that he knows the whole cause of the emptiness of the grammar-school, and of the popularity of Dr. Pecksniff's academy. He will be apt to think, too, that he sees his way to a successful reform—that if he cuts down the salaries of the masters, and pays them by results; if he appoints to the head-mastership a modest gentleman from Dublin, who will preach in the gown, shake hands over the counter with Mr. Bombazine, and inquire tenderly after Mrs. B.'s recovery; if he banishes Greek, and engages a clever accountant as usher; if he alters the shape or size of the schoolroom; if he makes a separate playground for the sons of the poorer citizens, and takes care that none of them have the impudence to beat young Master Bombazine in the competition for the prize—if he carries out these or similar reforms, then the public school will quickly be filled with the sons of flourishing tradesmen, the endowment will be utilized, and Dr. Pecksniff and the whole tribe of charlatans will be starved out.

Such a conclusion would be too hasty. The reasons which Mr. Bombazine has given for disapproving of the grammar-school

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may all be true, but they do not convey the whole truth. There is yet another reason which he has not given, but which is as powerful as any, if not as all, of the others. It is that, if he sends his son to the grammar-school, Mr. Bombazine will not be permitted to use his liberty of private judgment; but must obey, and must cause his wife and son to obey, the rules of the school. However much the grammar-school may be modernized and reformed, he knows that, so long as it remains a public school, he will have to sacrifice some of his own private fancies if he makes use of it. He knows that whatever freedom may be allowed him in the selection of a course of study, and in the choice of such generalities, he will not, even under the most complacent régime, be permitted to interfere in matters of detail. He will not be allowed to call the master out of school that he may expostulate with him on the unsoundness of that last sermon, or beg him to take lessons in elocution. He will not be allowed to catechise the usher on his capacity for giving instruction in gentlemanly deportment. Neither he nor Mrs. Bombazine will be allowed to send for the boy at any hour, or to keep him at home whenever they feel a gush of tenderness; to shorten or lengthen the duration of the holidays according to the slackness or briskness of trade; to decide when and how punishment shall be given or withheld; or, if castigation be permitted, to regulate with what instrument, or to what parts of the boy's person, it shall be administered. In short, Mr. Bombazine knows that, if he sends his son to the public school, whether reformed or unreformed, he must forego the exercise of many of his most cherished rights and privileges. He must give up the right to interfere, the right to meddle and muddle, the right to judge of things which he does not understand, the right to harass, the right to bully, the right to bluster, and the right to be cock of his walk. He must submit himself to discipline, to ordinances which neither he nor his fellow-shopkeepers have known, and—what is more—he must also cause his wife and son to submit to them. This is a hard saying; what tradesman can bear it?

The same dislike of discipline which is seen in the tradesman's education of his children appears also in almost all his sayings and doings. The same spirit which inspires a preference for the private school inspires also a preference for the conventicle and for the *Daily Telegraph*. The same untrained character which prevents his believing in the value of a study or a culture which does not bring quick pecuniary gains, prevents also his appreciating the value of all improvements or reforms which are not imperatively required for his own immediate advantage. Probably, if you ask him whether there are not more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in his philosophy, he will answer Yes. Perhaps also, if you ask him whether a thing may not be good though he cannot understand it, he might answer Yes. But your having extorted this answer from him will not make him willing to alter his practice in the least degree; to give up his old *Mumpimus* for your new *Sumpimus*; to work by faith and not by sight; to sacrifice the visible for the invisible. Mankind acts, not by logical conviction, but by habit; and his habits are those of an undisciplined man.

Just as some animals and some persons are better trained than others, so there are some nations and some classes or parties, even among races the most amenable to discipline, whose education has been defective in this respect. And it is observable of those nations or persons who happen not to have been well disciplined, that they do not even understand what discipline means, or what are its effects. To them discipline implies repression on the one side, and lavish submission on the other. They are unable to see that discipline really signifies an apprenticeship to the right use of liberty; that it is a mean between the two extremes of license and repression; and that, without it, real liberty, whether of speech, of action, or of thought, is impossible. This truth has been well appreciated by those French Commissioners who not long ago reported to the Emperor upon secondary education in England. While severely criticizing the defective mental training and the gross idleness of the majority of Eton and Harrow boys, they are enthusiastic in their praises of the moral discipline which our best public schools afford, and lament that such a training cannot be given in France. There is no more real discipline in a French Lycée than in an American Parliament. In one we have repression, in the other license; and either of these extremes kills true liberty. Which of the two is the more dangerous or disgusting it is difficult to determine; and this difficulty is partly caused by the recurrence here of the well-known phenomenon of the meeting of extremes. Not, of course, that extremes ever do really meet in the sense in which the expression is used by argumentative women or half-educated men. In their mouths the ethical doctrine that "extremes meet" is often as strangely misapplied as the logical dogma that "the exception proves the rule." No man can possibly exhibit the two extremes of repression and license at the same time, and with reference to the same part of his nature. But men, both individually and in bodies, may exhibit the two extremes in close sequence or in juxtaposition. It is on this theory, probably, that a platform demagogue who loves to tell the working-men that they have been serfs for centuries, and are still the slaves of a bloated aristocracy, would, if he had ever read Aristotle, explain the outbreaks in Hyde Park. In the same principle is perhaps to be found the cause of the extraordinary behaviour of many modern Englishwomen. Woman, like the working-man, tells us that she is now being emancipated; that she is passing, under the leadership of certain English or American Miriams, from the house of bondage to the land where she is to reign beneath

her own vine and her own fig-tree, and to enjoy a plenitude of light with no diminution of sweetness. Unfortunately, woman, like the emancipated negro or the Neapolitan peasant, has, on her own hypothesis, had no training in the right use of liberty. She abuses the privilege of free thought because she has never learnt how to think. She abuses the liberty of free speech because she has never been held responsible for her language. Like the working-man, she mistakes license for liberty, indecency for independence. Beales M.A. and Madame Rachel are but different symptoms of one social disease.

It is related of a certain celebrated scholar and schoolmaster, that he was once asked in a mixed company, by an impudent young coxcomb, whether he had yet abandoned that vile practice of flogging. At first the Doctor mercifully took no notice of the question. But, on its being repeated, with some aggravation of tone and manner, and seeing that the company was expecting a reply from him, he turned to his assailant and said, with quiet firmness—"Discipline, sir, is necessary for all of us. It is needed to make the soldier, the statesman, and the scholar. It is also needed to make the gentleman. And the want of discipline, sir, has made you what you are!" If the learned Doctor were now alive, he would perhaps add the model working-man, the self-sufficient shopkeeper, and the emancipated woman to his list of characters requiring a dose of discipline. If he had lived to be familiar with a certain type of modern Englishwomen, how much of what they are would he attribute to the want of such a dose?

The fundamental defect in the education of the lower mercantile classes in this country is its want of discipline. The young English tradesman is never put through a systematic course of well-designed training. In infancy and early boyhood he is alternately bullied and indulged. He is kept at home till he is eleven or twelve years old, the ill-governed child of a sordid father and of an ignorant and foolish mother. If he goes to school, he is put under the care of some pretender who has persuaded the father that he can teach all that is required for the successful conduct of business, and has captivated the mother by putting academical caps on the empty heads of his pupils. He is not allowed to learn anything that will not pay, or to study anything that is too abstruse or too difficult to be quickly mastered. What wonder if, when he leaves school at sixteen, and goes behind the counter or into the office, he is one of the most vulgar, conceited, intolerant creatures on the face of the earth? Even within his own sphere of society, however, there is one creature more worthless, and perhaps more offensive, than he; and that is, his sister. He has, at any rate, to rough it in the world, to find his level among his townsfolk. And sooner or later, perhaps, commercial or municipal responsibility may to some extent supply the place of early discipline. But she has no such chances in practical life, and her early training has been even worse than his. If his instruction has been narrow, hers has been nil. If he has learnt little beyond the elements, she has acquired nothing but a smattering of the piano. If he has been taught by charlatans, she has been taught by dunces, spasmodically, or not at all. If, as the Prince thought, "the mother makes us most," it is not difficult to estimate what must be her influence upon the young shopkeepers whom she in turn will nourish and bring up.

NEGATIVE GOODNESS.

MOST of us were familiar enough at one period of our lives with the salutary maxim that "little children should be seen and not heard," or, as the code of infant morality is sometimes more largely expressed, that if we came when we were called, did as we were bid, and shut the door after us, we should never be chid. There is a definiteness and simplicity about this summary of the whole duty of the nursery which is beyond all praise. The rule is so easy both to remember and to practise, that nothing short of the grossest negligence or most obstinate perversity could account for its infraction. To come when you are called, to do what you are told, and to shut the door after you—to which may be added, as of almost equal authority, not to speak till you are spoken to—can hardly be considered any very severe tax on the moral or mental energies of the youngest child. Yet, somehow or other, children are a noisy and obstreperous race, and the words of wisdom so often dimmed into their ears seem to make as little permanent impression on their minds as characters traced upon the sand. Moreover, we are by no means sure that the children who are most faultless in the punctual observances of the ethical rule of three, who never leave doors open, and are always silent and submissive, are generally those who turn out best in after life. Your infant paragon is not unlikely to become a sneak at school, and a toady or a cipher in his manhood. There is a want of nerve and elasticity about his moral code. If he abstains for the most part from doing what is wrong, he displays little energy in doing what is right. He need not be a bad man, and he may have his good points; but he is, to put it shortly, a very poor creature. There is a screw loose somewhere, as the saying runs. And as "the child is father to the man," perhaps we may detect in the defective ethics of the nursery some explanation of the deficiencies of maturer years. For the theory of duty, which is summed up in "Touch not, taste not, handle not," is confined to no particular class or age. St. Paul indeed denounced it as Judaical, but it has come to be considered in many questions as almost distinctively Christian. To a large section of

the religious world it appears as obviously part of the eternal fitness of things to have a negative morality as to have a positive belief. The wicked suggestion that all theological controversies should be settled by transposing the "not" from the Commandments to the Creed was hardly a satire on this view of the relations of faith and duty. To believe in God, and not to steal, are correlative obligations. Therefore, "Thou shall not believe," and "thou shalt steal," would be the dictates of a negative theology and a positive law. Faith without works was Luther's way of putting the idea, but a great many who know nothing, or care nothing, about his peculiar doctrines have practically got hold of much the same view of moral obligation. We are not going to enter here on a theological discussion, and we may admit at once that the form of the decalogue is negative. It is almost impossible for legal enactments, human or divine, to take any other form. At the same time, we may remind those who are disposed to insist on this circumstance in defence of a negative standard of virtue, that the decalogue has been summed up in the duty of love to God and man, which is anything but a negative principle of conduct; and that the very last rule of perfection which an intelligent reader could gain, either from the Old Testament or the New, would be that implied in hiding one's talent in a napkin.

The fact, however, will not be denied, however we may account for it, that this notion of goodness or righteousness, or whatever it be called, as a mainly negative quality, is widely prevalent, and is often professed in words, even by those who in practice habitually discard it. Two strong currents of traditional feeling, secular and religious, have joined their forces in producing this result. In the first place, there is the obvious circumstance already referred to, that law from its very nature is chiefly prohibitive. And this for two reasons. It is designed as a check on the selfish passions of human nature, which tend to injure society, not as a discipline of moral perfection. Its object is not to educate good citizens, but to restrain bad ones. For the definition of the Roman poet, *qui consulta patrum, qui leges iuraque servat*, would fall far short even of the Pagan ideal of civic virtue. In the next place, it is much easier to enforce a prohibition than a command. You can drive the horse to the water, but you can't make him drink. And law confines itself necessarily to such duties as can be enforced by penalties. It does not make us do right, but it keeps us from doing wrong, and—speaking of human law—from that kind of wrong which trenches on the rights of other people. And the same may be said, with certain modifications, of the positive divine law. But while the direct aim of law is the prevention of crime, it indirectly discharges in every civilized State a further office, in creating and sustaining a standard of moral action. The persons in a decently governed country who abstain from murder or forgery or theft simply because they would be punished for it, are comparatively few. To the majority, putting aside higher considerations, public opinion is like a second nature. They instinctively embrace and act upon its dictates, without any conscious reference to its sanctions, still less to the penalties of the statute-book. And of course this in itself is a great advantage. Nothing is of more vital concern to the well-being of any society, national or other, than the prevalence of a healthy tone of public opinion. But there is just this drawback. The stream cannot rise beyond its source, and the moral standard which law has contributed to form is a guarantee for those duties only which the law undertakes to enforce. And these, as we have seen, are mostly negative. That such duties should be enshrined, not only in the letter of the statute-book, but in the convictions of the people, is of the highest importance, and sound legislation renders an invaluable service in promoting this result. But still, after all, the moral sense which has not got beyond the point of habitually accepting the legal measure of moral liabilities is very imperfectly educated. And yet we are so much the creatures of habit and impulse, and are so dependent on our surroundings, that the obligations which come home to us invested with the authority of law and public opinion will always be far more keenly realized by the mass of men than those which rest on the claims of abstract right. This holds good even in the case of what are generally admitted among Christians to be sins. Compare, for instance, the different kind of feeling most men have about fornication and theft, where they would condemn both. Is not this chiefly because the one, being a crime against society, has a legal stigma affixed to it, while the other cannot be touched by human law? There are certain offences against chastity which the law does punish, and against these public opinion is also strongly pronounced. And if this be true of vices which the law does not prohibit, it is still truer of virtues which the law does not command. In a few very glaring cases, such as the duties of parents to their children or husbands to their wives, public opinion will enforce, so far as in it lies, a somewhat higher rule than could be enforced in the police courts, but it is quite unequal in the main to maintaining anything like an adequate standard of active duty. For that we must appeal to the individual conscience, and conscience is apt to be a very faltering guide where there is no external authority to claim its allegiance and direct its course.

But here it might naturally be expected that the inevitable weakness of human law would be supplemented by the finer instincts and loftier sanctions of religious faith. The Bible, as we observed just now, cannot reasonably be pleaded in favour of a merely negative theory of goodness. Yet, strange to say, the inculcation and habitual carrying out of a negative standard of goodness has been made the standing reproach, not of the world,

but of the Church. Piety has always been sneered at as something sickly and unmanly, a sort of hot-house exotic unfit for the bracing atmosphere of everyday life. Fixed epithets have much of the force of proverbs, and there is a world of meaning in the popular designation of "a pious fool." All due allowance must of course be made for the chronic antagonism between the religious and irreligious classes of mankind, and the suspicion of superior goodness which is an ugly mark of "our corrupt nature." But the most ill-natured sneers are usually directed against an adversary's weakest point, and it would be in the teeth of all experience to suppose that a charge so persistently and universally repeated for centuries, with very slight variation, is wholly destitute of foundation. Nor is it. There has been a very common tendency among religious devotees of the most opposite schools and creeds to shrink from contact with what Mr. Kingsley somewhere makes them call "this wicked male world," and wrap themselves up in their own virtuous isolation, as disdaining to touch what is earthly and profane even if it is not also devilish. It was one phase of this sentiment which drove mediæval pietists into the cloister, though it is fair to say for them that the society of those days did not give much scope for devout living, and that the monks were often among the most active benefactors of their age. In our own day a precisely similar phenomenon is exhibited among those who think convents the high road to perdition, and monks limbs of Satan. The half Manichean confusion of what is secular with what is profane combined in the Evangelical movement with a perverse estimate of the danger of "works," or as one of their favourite hymns words it, "deadly doing," to discredit active virtues. We are far from intending to imply that the really great men of the party have been consistent in carrying out their professed principles. The lives, for instance, of Wilberforce and Simeon are a splendid refutation of the narrowness of their formal creed. Men of real mark are sure to break through artificial trammels on their energies, but the abstract principles of the leader will often have more influence with his disciples than the nobler teaching of his example. And so it has proved here. The negative standard of goodness which results at best in abstaining from evil rather than in doing good, and is only too apt to degenerate into something very like hypocrisy, has been the bane of religionists, and thereby has discredited religion. Yet not only the teaching of the Bible, but the whole tradition of the Church, taking the word in its most comprehensive sense, is against this narrow view. Who are the men, whether called saints, or worthies, or elect, or by any other title of distinction, whose memory all sections of Christendom have delighted to honour? Not surely those who have sat with folded hands, content to refrain from doing anything lest they should perchance be tempted to do wrong; but those who have "fought a good fight," and have served their generation nobly before they rested from their toils. A London preacher is said the other day to have called Abraham Lincoln "a saint." We will not quarrel about words, but certainly the virtues which procured the late President this encomium were not of the passive order. But let us merely instance a few of those whom nearly all professing Christians would accept as types of Christian heroism; Augustine, Anselm, Xavier, St. Louis, Henry Martyn, were no inactive spectators of the wants and conflicts of the world in their own day. No doubt they kept the negative precepts of the law, and were strict in the observance of those more directly religious exercises which their faith prescribed. But they did a great deal more also. It was not so much by prayer and fasting as by his undaunted championing of right and his inflexible justice that Louis IX. won the reverence of Europe. But one reason why the negative aspects of goodness have been often so disproportionately dwelt upon by religious Protestants is that they have allowed their dread of saint-worship to make them forget the uses of example. They have been afraid to construct a hagiology. They did not consider that if the law is mainly for transgressors, it cannot be a sufficient guide for holiness of life. The Comtists, with that keen discernment of the weak points of existing systems which gives it peculiar fascination to their own, have perceived that the calendar is the proper supplement of the decalogue. *Fas est ab hoste doceri.* Christians will be wise to take the hint, especially as it is but a plagiarism from their own forgotten lore. Law is the necessary check upon crime, and gives to the standard of public morality a protective sanction which it sorely needs. But if we would leave behind us footprints on the sands of time, we must look more to the light of living example than to the dead letter of the law.

DR. WILLIAM BARLOW.

WE observed, in a recent article on Dr. John Poynet, that his name had of late been accidentally brought into greater prominence than it deserved. The same cannot be said of the subject of the present notice, nor, if we may venture to prophesy, is it likely at any future time to excite much attention. The Nag's Head controversy, in which the name of Barlow figured so conspicuously, has long since passed away, nor is it ever likely to be revived. Few of our readers probably will have taken the trouble to wade through Courayer's volumes in Defence of the Validity of English Ordinations, though they have been translated into English, and a new and elaborate edition of one of his works was published at Oxford about twenty-five years ago. And for such as have not even heard of the controversy, we may observe

that Barlow from whom their origin from the consisted Barlow, may be of Archibald he St. David but the or critic his own election. Our party not with the change most prominent cannot be tenth century of the 1533 upon, and certain Poynett declined to have been Article, both in can only the Art for the Elizabethan evil ministers. Perhaps 1533 the palm for cock, language August in early to Germany Luther "Dialogue" Faction view is vantageous sentiment new leaders.

The proprietors, and giving new charitable. Shall than a tenancy unreverent the clear easy on. Shall by promising his chief to preach having with I give a. And some of their sons. Then the Parsons is more canvas cheer, too much willing speak. Like fail never be rebuked the Ch. of idiots. The nation, Anne for the and is to Anne Kent and to the favour this Anne and G. 1534 the

that Barlow was the principal consecrator of Archbishop Parker, from whom all the Bishops of the English Establishment derive their orders, and that one of the main points of attack made from the Roman side on the English succession in the Episcopate consisted in the want of evidence for the consecration of William Barlow, Bishop of St. Asaph. That part of the controversy may be considered to have arisen wholly from the carelessness of Archbishop Cranmer, whose register was kept with the most shameful negligence. And it may be taken as almost proved that he was consecrated June 11, 1536, after his translation to St. David's. There may be a little uncertainty as to the date; but the fact itself is established by an argument which no historian or critic has noticed—namely, that Barlow was unable to deny his own consecration when, in a sermon, he said that the King's election of any layman would make him as good a Bishop as he himself or the best in England.

Our present business, however, lies with the character of the man, not with the evidence of his consecration. We gladly admit that the character of the English clergy of the present day is for the most part unimpeachable. But, unfortunately, as much as this cannot be said of the character of their predecessors of the sixteenth century. We leave it to Lord Shaftesbury to fix the date of the Blessed Reformation, but, whatever date should be agreed upon, the character of the Reformation will not be affected by it; and certainly, in face of the facts that can be proved against Poynet, Cranmer, Barlow, Bale, and others, no one will be inclined to grudge the laity of that time the consolation which must have been conveyed to them by the assuring words of the 26th Article, that they might profitably use the ministry of evil men both in hearing the Word and receiving of the Sacraments. We can only express our wonder that the suggestion of the rest of the Article became such a dead letter. It would have been better for the Church of Edward VI's time, to say nothing now of Elizabeth's reign, if inquiry had really been sometimes made of evil ministers, especially bishops, in order that, "being found guilty, they might by just judgment be deposed."

Perhaps, of all the Bishops who were created from the date of 1533 to the end of Edward VI's reign, Barlow is entitled to the palm for abject servility. He seems to have been a mere weather-cock, changing sides perpetually, and always using the most violent language against those who differed from him. He was bred an Augustinian monk at St. Osith's, in Essex. It appears also that in early life he was a favourer of the Protestant doctrines, and went to Germany that he might have the opportunity of hearing Luther, Melanchthon, Ecolampadius, and others. Whether his "Dialogue describing the Original Ground of these Lutheran Factions" was published before or after this change of religious view is not very important. We may allow him whatever advantage is to be gained from the supposition that it contains his sentiments before his first change. His opinion of the men of the new learning at this time may be gathered from the following short extracts from his treatise:—

The people most rifeſt and most busy to prate of the gospel be as great users, deceivers of their neighbours, blasphemers, swearers, evil speakers, and given all vices as deeply as ever they were. Since the time of this new contentious learning the dread of God is greatly quenched, and charitable compassion sore abated.

Shall ye not see there a cock-brained courtier that hath no more faith than a Turk and less Christian manners than a Pagan, with lordly countenance and knavish conditions, which taking the name of God in vain shall unmercifully allegre the Gospel with scoffing and scorning in reprehension of the clergy; whereas his own lewd language is so unthrifty that ye cannot spy one good point in him.

Shall ye not also see there a merchant, peradventure made a gentleman by promotion, ere ever that he had a good yeoman's conditions, which getting his chief substance by usury and other wrongful ways, will take upon him to preach the gospel against the avarice of religious persons; how they having their bare necessary food ought to part the residue of their goods with poor people, whereas he himself hath thousands lying by him in store unoccupied, and will neither help his poor neighbour nor scarcely give a halfpenny to a needy creature in extreme necessity.

And at their belly-feasting days, if it chance them to have in company some simple priest, it is a wonder to hear how he is apposed, and after that their spirits be a little kindled in gluttony, how they lash out the gospel. Then beginneth one another to move some subtle question, saying, Master Parson, how say ye to such a text of Paul, and if the priest be ignorant, he is mocked and jested upon with scornful derision. Then begin they to canvass the Scripture among them with filling the cups and jolly gentle cheer, and by the time they have eaten more than enough and have drunken too much, they be ready to wade forth in the deep mysteries of Scripture, willing to be teachers of things whereof they understand not what they speak nor what they affirm.

Likewise, when they be served at their solemnities, wherein if the officers fail never so little, though it be but the setting of a saucer amiss, they shall be rebuked, yet their pettish patience cannot brook the honest ceremonies of the Church to be laudably done, calling them foolish fantasies and inventions of idiots.

The next thing we hear of Barlow is his adoption, or re-adoption, of Lutheran opinions, and his being retained in the service of Anne Boleyn to help in bribing the French doctors to pronounce for the divorce. In this capacity he was sent to Paris in 1530, and in the following year was rewarded by his patroness applying to Archbishop Warham for the valuable rectory of Sundridge, in Kent. His promotion was now rapid. The King, Anne Boleyn, and Cromwell were quite sure of their man, who had sold himself to them, body and soul, to do their pleasure. By the special favour of Anne, he was first made Prior of Haverfordwest. In this capacity he took the oath of allegiance to the succession of Anne Boleyn's children, and the abjuration of the Pope, July 21, 1534, and was, in the same year, rewarded with the priory of the newly-founded Abbey of Bisham. He had been found useful

in Wales in preaching against the Pope as Antichrist, and was sent in the autumn of 1534 on an embassy to Scotland, where he discharged the same functions, inveighing against the Pope and the clergy as limbs of the devil. His reward for this was his promotion to the bishopric of St. Asaph, and his immediate translation to St. David's. With the bishopric he retained the abbey, for the express purpose of resigning it to the King, which he did on July 5, 1536. Whilst in Scotland he wrote to inform his eminently pious employer that there was not one of the clergy

that sincerely preacheth Christ, which so continuing with God's high displeasure cannot escape his terrible vengeance, from the which Jesus preserve us, and grant your mastership long to prosper, to the maintenance of justice and advancement of God's word. Yours to command,

WILLIAM BARLOW.

Whilst Bishop of St. David's he made an unsuccessful appeal to Cromwell to translate the see to Carmarthen, on the plea that thereby "the Welsh rudeness decreasing, Christian civility may be introduced to the famous renown of the King's suprematy, whose princely majesty," he adds, "Almighty Jesu preserve with your good lordship." The real reason appears to have been dislike of the climate of the place and its distance from England.

Little more is known of him during this reign, except that all his letters bear marks of the same cringing servility towards Cromwell, and that he stuck close to Cranmer, even in the one instance in which the Archbishop seemed to oppose the King's inclination. In the debate on the Six Articles he was found with Cranmer and other Bishops arguing against the celibacy of the priesthood, which the King had determined should, with the belief in transubstantiation and the necessity of auricular confession, be the law of the land. The opposition given to this statute by Barlow is the best evidence that now exists for his marriage with the woman with whom he cohabited whilst he was Bishop of St. David's, and whom afterwards in Edward VI's reign he acknowledged as his wife. History has not informed us of the precautions taken for the concealment of Mrs. Barlow during the reign of Henry VIII. Probably she was left at the remote episcopal residence in Wales, and we need scarcely tell our readers that there is no record of her having been presented at Court, though her husband was scarcely ever absent from the debates in the House of Lords, from the day when he took his seat till the accession of Edward. And here we may observe that, whatever defence may be set up for Cranmer for having married at least once after he had been made a priest, no such plea can be alleged on behalf of Dr. William Barlow, who had been an Augustinian monk, and had therefore taken the vow of celibacy. In all other respects he stood by Cranmer, who stood by the King in all points of controversy, and was quite ready to concur with his metropolitan in suggesting to Henry that he might consecrate bishops and ordain priests if he should feel himself called upon to do so by the inspiration of God.

At the beginning of Edward VI's reign he was translated to Bath and Wells, being then, as may be supposed, a zealous professor and preacher of the Reformed religion. His grasping disposition seems to have led him into quarrels in each of the dioceses over which he presided. At St. David's he so pillaged the episcopal residence, and did so much damage by alienating the property of the see for his own private advantage, that the revenue of the bishopric for twelve years was not enough to repair it. At Wells he deprived the dean, and wanted to get the revenues of the deanery into his own hands; but in this he does not seem to have met the approbation or defence of the Archbishop whom he had so often supported. At the accession of Mary he republished his early work against the Lutherans, but it does not appear to have answered his purpose, for he resigned his bishopric, and attempted to run away. Less successful than Poynet of Winchester, he was caught, and imprisoned in the Tower with about eighty others. It is said, though it is difficult to believe, that all of these, except two, refused to recant on Gardiner's offering them absolution. However this may have been, no one will be surprised that Barlow was one of the two. He, and a prebendary of his church named Cardmaker, recanted their opinions. The latter, to his credit, retracted his recantation, and was burned as a heretic, leaving the Bishop of Bath and Wells alone in his glory. He again acted on the principle that he that fights and runs away will live to fight another day. He had not the option which his friend Scory, another of Parker's consecrators, had, whether he would part from his wife and his opinions, or be deprived of his bishopric; for Scory was of the secular, whereas Barlow had been of the regular, clergy.

Barlow's submission, which was sufficiently humiliating, was as follows:—

Whereupon, I being lately informed of your highness ended with so excellent learning and singular judgment of the truth, which endeavoured not only to chase away and extirp all heresies, but also to see a reformation of slanderous living, for the restraint of vice in all estates, to the furtherance of virtue and advancement of God's word, also considering the piteous favor, void of rigor, and mercy abhorring cruelty, which your highness hath used towards other of your subjects fallen into suchlike heresies, as have submitted themselves humbly unto your grace; I have made suit by all means possible, freely without motion of any man, to come and present myself afore your highness' feet, to submit myself unto your merciful pleasure, beseeching your gracious pardon. Also, as far forth as I have knowledge in all things to ascertain your grace unfeignedly whatsoever your highness shall vouchsafe to demand of me, your unworthy subject and orator.

This extract has been erroneously attributed to the year 1533. We have placed it at its most probable date, but if it belongs to

the reign of Henry VIII., it must be of 1529, or earlier.* It is almost needless to say that Barlow's character for servility will not much be affected whichever date be assigned to the document.

After this Barlow retired to Germany, where, according to Strype, he "did by exile constantly bear witness to the truth of Christ's gospel." At the accession of Elizabeth he returned, and was made Bishop of Chichester. Elizabeth could not afford to be particular, and was obliged to overlook the wife and twelve children in the difficulty in which she found herself involved in the matter of the consecration of Matthew Parker. Lastly, we may mention that Barlow did not forget to provide for his own. Perhaps of no other ecclesiastic besides himself could it be said that he had five daughters married to English Bishops.

In conclusion, we will observe that there were not many of the clergy of the old learning whose characters will bear very minute investigation. Most of the ecclesiastics of Henry's time, whichever side they afterwards adopted, may reasonably be accused of unscrupulously lending themselves to Henry's purposes. No one would describe Wolsey, Gardiner, or Bonner as being exemplary characters; but they would appear as paragons of virtue if compared with Cranmer, Poynt, and Barlow.

NORWAY.

GOETHE said well, that the "boundless earth" meant to Homer something very different from that which it means to us. When we read the words, they glide from our lips as a mere poetic phrase; but to him the earth was really something infinite, mysterious, coequal with the heavens, not to be measured or known by men. Nowadays, the earth seems to most of us a very moderate affair, as far as magnitude is concerned. That amiable writer, Mr. Helps, feels its insignificance so keenly, that he cannot contain his wonder that any one should care to be famous, when his fame must necessarily be confined to such a speck in the universe. We take an eight-inch globe in our hands, and think that, compared with infinity, there is not much odds between eight inches and eight thousand miles. We turn it over, and pass from one quarter to another—Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, the different oceans, in succession. How many countries are there which, with an adequate expenditure of money, we could not manage to see in half a year? How many of which we could not in an hour or two gain a very tolerable notion by having recourse to the nearest library?

Nevertheless, to people who have thrown aside their books of geography and travel, who have even got to the end of lines of railway, and betaken themselves to their own feet, or to some other conveyance of not extravagant speed, it does sometimes occur that the earth is, after all, of rather a decent size. But the effect differs very greatly according to the country in which a man's journey lies. For instance, the Swiss tourist is likely rather to underrate the earth's magnitude. Perched on the top of the Jungfrau or Monte Rosa, or even on the Faulhorn or the Schilt-horn, and really from these elevations seeing a not quite inappreciable portion of the surface of the globe, he is inclined to think that he sees even more than he does; and moreover he in some degree unconsciously attributes to himself the commanding altitude of his standing-ground. And though Switzerland does often impress upon a man the feeling of his own diminutiveness, yet it is his diminutiveness as compared with the mountain masses around him, while he does not at all appreciate how small these mountain masses themselves are when compared with the entire world. On the other hand, a large plain, or the ocean, from its sameness of aspect and want of salient points, always appears in the recollection much smaller than it really is; so that neither from these is any one likely to be impressed with a strong idea of the extent of our globe.

But any man who really wished to gain something of the Homeric feeling of the *γαῖαν ἀπειποντην* we would send to such a country as Norway—a country in which the features are large enough to reduce the spectator to insignificance, and yet not so large but that they give a hint of unknown tracts behind, greater than themselves; a country where the forest and desolate snow-field in their vast ranges hem in the traveller, sometimes showing their skirts, sometimes altogether unseen, never to be comprehended at one glance, yet, just because they cannot be so comprehended, impressing the imagination more vividly with the sense of an unknown mysteriousness. Of all the differences between Norway and the Alps (and two mountainous countries could hardly be more unlike) this is perhaps the greatest. In Switzerland there is great sublimity, but very little mystery; on the contrary, the interest of the country is much increased by the number of definite historic associations connected with every part of it, which, proving as they do how anciently and widely celebrated a country it is, exclude the feeling of the unknown. The ancient castles and quaint mediæval towns; the memory of great generals who have carried their armies over the rocky and once dangerous passes, and thus formed turning-points in the world's history, from the time of Hannibal to that of Napoleon; the thought of Tell on the Lake of Uri, and of Byron and Rousseau by that of Geneva—all these things remind us that man here has not unsuccessfully contended with nature; they diminish somewhat that feeling of awe which comes upon us when we stand consciously in the presence of a superior power. But in Norway nature has it all her own way. Take, for in-

stance, the first stage from Dombaas on the way to Molde. There is nothing here that would be called first-rate in the way of scenery, and a traveller who had come up from the magnificent valley of Romsdal might even think it dull. The road from Dombaas descends a steep hill through a pinewood, crosses a roaring rocky stream at the bottom, and then ascends another hill, from which there is a wide view over the main course of the river and the glens that run into it. The colouring is sombre, but not poor; the whole area below, the slopes of the hills, and the distant glens are covered with innumerable pines, while above the pines are dark moors terminating in the distant snow-fields. You feel what a solitude it is; not that there may not be a house or two in view, for indeed all the houses in Norway cluster round the great roads; but apart from the road there is no sign nor trace of a habitation. The size of the rivers, again, is a constant source of surprise to the traveller in Norway. In a very short distance from their source they swell into a size comparable to that of the greatest English rivers, and the causes of this are not immediately recognised in the great rainfall of the district, the numerous tributaries, and the large area of drainage.

There is no better way of contrasting Norway with Switzerland than by taking in each one of the most characteristic scenes. And as in Switzerland there is perhaps no more typical district than the Lake of Lucerne, and in particular the Bay of Uri, so in Norway that branch of the Sogne fiord which ends at Gudvangen, and the valley above it, may be taken as one of those scenes which most strike the traveller as unique and to be remembered. And of these two, there can be no question that for beauty, for picturesqueness, and even for a pure and tranquil sublimity, the Bay of Uri is immeasurably the superior. The outline of the mountains, the luxuriance of the woods, the snows, the green upland valleys with their villages, are all features that have no counterpart at Gudvangen. But there is no terror in the Bay of Uri. Even if you did not know of the excellent road and comfortable hotels on its shores, the natural features of the lake have too much beauty for any fear to mingle with the impression received. Gudvangen, on the other hand, is one of the few places that strike the mind, even of a traveller who has seen much of mountain scenery, with a feeling akin to horror—a feeling so generally experienced by the unaccustomed tourists of the last century, so rarely by those of the present day. The effect is as simple as it can be; the valley, which is called the Nærodal, is of the narrowest; the fiord in which it terminates is scarcely wider. Above both valley and fiord, and on both sides, range the black and precipitous cliffs, everywhere inaccessible, and sometimes so sheer that you could almost drop a plummet from summit to base; their extreme height is perhaps not over-estimated at five thousand feet. They stream with waterfalls, but there is not an atom of foliage, and hardly of grass, upon them. The valley ends in what would be a *cold de sac* were it not for a great bastion that stands out from the middle of it, up which the road is carried. There is not, perhaps, in Europe another so weird place as Gudvangen—a place so utterly severed, as far as appears at first sight, from the outer world; so entirely devoid both of convenience of access and of the customary ornaments of beautiful scenery. Yet the impression it produces is profound. What is most singular about it is that it lies on the high road from Christiania to Bergen, it being necessary to take a boat from Leirdalsøren to Gudvangen, a row of ten hours in the finest weather; unless you can catch the steamer, which goes once a week, and takes four or five hours in the voyage.

Far more beautiful than the Nærø fiord, and rivalling the Lake of Lucerne itself in their varied splendour, are the great fiords that stretch inland from Molde and Aalesund—the Romsdal and Stor fiords. Of these the former is very well, the latter very little, known to Norwegian tourists. It would be difficult to say which is the finer, at least if the valley of Romsdal be taken in together with the fiord; otherwise the decided preference would have to be given to the Stor fiord. They are both distinguished for the extraordinarily jagged and peaked outline of the summits that overhang them—a feature that belongs to no other part of Norway south of the Arctic circle, except the wild ranges of the Ymesfjeld and Hurungernefjeld, which stretch from the head of the Sogne fiord up to Lom, and culminating in Galdhopiggen and Skagtolstind, form the highest elevations in the whole country. The Romsdal mountains are probably loftier than those of the Stor fiord, but these latter are the sharper and more aiguille-like. This, it should be observed, applies only to the western arm of the Stor fiord, which runs past Scobo, and to the smaller reach that lies immediately to the east of it; the long eastern arm, that ends in Hellesylt, is overhung by less remarkable summits. The Scobo branch has some very fine glaciers and snowy domes. The steamer from Aalesund runs only to Hellesylt, passing by the entrance to the western arm of the fiord; nor is this Hellesylt branch, even if inferior to the other, at all to be despised. The mountains come down sheer into the water, yet are green and well-wooded, the birches and pines clinging to the ledges even of the steepest precipices, and in every long receding glen and on the tops of the cliffs are farmhouses and chalets that remind one of Switzerland. Most refreshing is it to the eye of the traveller who has been winding through the stern barren islands of the iron-bound coast.

Not many Norwegian tourists traverse the rough road from Hellesylt to Bergen, yet few roads can exhibit a greater variety of beauty. The Bredheim Vand, for instance, is a lake that may well compare with the famous Königsee of the Bavarian Alps,

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and is not at all inferior to it. In parts, again, as at Fürde and Eidevig, there is a really luxuriant vegetation. The Langfjeld and Justedal mountains, on the summits of which are the largest snowfields of Europe, skirt the left of this road for a long distance. We have not penetrated into them, but to all appearance it must be extremely well worth while to do so. It is curious that neither Mr. Forster nor Professor Forbes came into these parts, nor even into Romsdal. Professor Forbes, however, examined the Justedal mountains from the other side.

The great defect of Norway lies in the general (though not invariable) want of boldness and picturesqueness in its higher summits, and also, of course, as compared with Switzerland, in their lesser elevation. The want of plain country too must be reckoned a fault, for it results from this that the panoramic views, so frequent in the Alps, are rare, and when they occur are deficient in character. An extensive view must be poor unless the height of the mountains is shown by contrast. The most celebrated broad view in Norway is that called the King's View, on the Tyri firth, near Christiania; but here the high mountains are very distant, and, though some bold tourist has compared it to the view from the Rigi, the comparison is absurd. It is even very decidedly inferior to the view from Snowdon or Scafell.

It is the valley and fiord scenery that is so remarkable in Norway, and here it scarcely yields at all even to the Alps. We have not yet mentioned the waterfalls, which are confessedly the finest in Europe. There is, however, one excellent rule that we have long adopted in discovering the height of any waterfall—a rule both of extreme simplicity and, as far as our experience goes, of great accuracy. It is this; take the height of the waterfall as stated by Murray, divide it by two, and you will have the real height. If you use any other guidebook than that of Murray (and perhaps also Black) you are pretty safe in dividing the nominal height by four. Sometimes even Murray requires a further reduction; according to the current number of the *Cornhill*, the Ostufoss, reckoned to be seven hundred feet high, has to be brought down to seventy, or even forty, feet! This, we think, is the *ne plus ultra* of exaggeration. But even the Voringfoss, the greatest Norwegian fall, which we had always fondly hoped to be a real nine hundred feet of sheer descent, has now, alas! according to the stern decision of Ordnance surveyors, to be brought down below five hundred feet; how much below is not stated. It is the same in all countries. The Krimml Fall in the Tyrol is roundly reckoned by Murray at two thousand feet; this fall is in four parts, of which the upper part is again roundly reckoned by Murray at a thousand feet sheer. It sounds well no doubt. We have visited this fall twice; the second time with a friend who was well acquainted with all the Swiss waterfalls, and over whom we consequently felt a certain sense of superiority, for no Swiss waterfall pretends to be a sheer thousand feet. But our friend's perceptions were unsophisticated, his judgment Rhadamanthine; he insisted that the united four falls did not exceed a thousand feet. "Yes," we replied with some shame (for we had boasted of the Krimml fall), "or call it twelve hundred; fifteen hundred it may even be." But we felt at the time that he was right. The Staubbach, that beautiful "pillar of light," which some people affect to contemn, is a very honest fall; it is, we believe, a genuine nine hundred feet. The Kielfoss at Gudvangen is reckoned at two thousand; we should like to see the man who, while looking at it, can honestly say that he thinks it higher than the Staubbach. There is a nameless fall in Romsdal, at the top of one of the cliffs, that appeared to us at least as high as the Kielfoss. But we were mistaken when we just now called the estimate of the Ostufoss the *ne plus ultra* of exaggeration. There is a waterfall in Derbyshire called Kinder Downfall, a picturesque leap of a mountain stream, some sixty feet into a rocky ravine, among a chaos of huge boulders, the ravine continuing to slope downwards very steeply after the fall. Of this, one of the guide-books says, in a light and airy manner (we quote from memory)—"The fall is considerable; the Kinder leaps from ledge to ledge for five hundred feet into the valley; when full, its breadth is about a quarter of a mile!" That would indeed be a Niagara. But it is distressing to see really pretty scenery put to shame in this way.

We have wandered from Norway. Let us conclude by saying a good word for the people. There is no more kindly nation anywhere. If their primitive modes of living, and the seclusion in which they are necessarily kept for half the year, have prevented their reaching a very high degree of intellectual development, they are at all events extremely eager to learn; and an Englishman will in many out-of-the-way inns win their gratitude by leaving them an English book to read. From our own experience we should consider them the most sincerely religious nation on the Continent; certainly the most impressive service we ever heard was in one of the Bergen churches. It is true that an Englishman might have been a little startled by the amount of expectoration indulged in by the congregation; between the intervals of the sermon the sound was like that of the large rain-drops at the beginning of a thunder-shower. But their attention was breathless, their energy in singing marvellous; and the faces of the men were, for a devout and ugly earnestness, like those in the pictures of Albert Dürer. It is on a Sunday that the costumes of the peasantry are best seen, and very pretty they are, especially those of the women. Bonnets and hats are unknown among them; a scarf or handkerchief, sometimes white, more frequently coloured, is wound round their heads and falls down their backs; the maidens wear a red snood. The greatest amount of ornament and of colour is on their breasts; here they wear silver clasps or

brooches, of curious and sometimes very old workmanship. These are to be bought plentifully in the shops of Christiania and Bergen, and no tourist returns without some of them. The belts of the men are at times of silver, and very remarkable. From these belts hang daggers—a dangerous custom, it might seem; but the people are not hot-blooded. In many valleys the men wear a singular weird-looking red cap, loose and long. Now that the costumes of the Tyrol are going out of fashion, Norway is distinctly the country of picturesque dress, if indeed it was not always on a level with the Tyrol in this respect.

ELECTIONEERING AMENITIES.

It is a gratifying proof of the earnestness of the national character that the most popular of our entertainments are constitutional and political ones. Fêtes, fireworks, bull-fights, and illuminations may amuse our more frivolous Southern neighbours, but we serious Northerns delight above everything in an execution or an election. The gallows and the hustings draw the largest and most excited crowds. One of these time-honoured institutions has just been relegated to the modest seclusion of the prison-yard, and thus has the Legislature blotted from the popular calendar a series of holidays that conveyed the most impressive of moral lessons disguised in all the joviality of reckless *saturnalia*. But happily the other, as yet at least, preserves its vitality unimpaired; indeed the humours of the election that is just drawing to a close have displayed an exceptional vigour and freshness of their own. It would have been strange if a great constitutional battle, fought on a purely Irish question, had not animated the combatants with something of the Irish spirit, and induced them to decide their differences by the traditions of Celtic warfare. It was not to be expected that in our first appeal to a democratized electoral body, even on such a question as that of the Irish Church, we should be at once entirely successful in Americanizing and Hibernicizing our institutions. Yet we think we may fairly congratulate ourselves on having made exceedingly satisfactory progress in that direction. Antiquated prejudices are not to be eradicated in a day. Many of the candidates, we are constrained to admit, preserved much of that old-fashioned gravity of courtesy and moderation of language that is so emblematic of an effete Constitution, and so stupidly Saxon. Many of the constituencies brought to the meetings and the hustings nothing more than the ordinary amount of good-humoured jesting and jostling. But, on the other hand, some of the aspirants to the Senate came close on the heels of the Transatlantic models they set themselves to imitate, and joined issue with a license of language thoroughly American, and a jealous contempt for civility and consequences absolutely Celtic. In some places the exercise of the suffrage resolved itself in the last resort into a free fight, where shillelaghs, brickbats, and even fire-arms all came into play, and the disputants demonstrated the depth of their convictions by countless acts of assault and violence, and a fair sprinkling of murders. It is interesting to remark that the most reassuring displays of zeal were to be found at the extremities of the social scale, either among the gentlemen on the hustings, or in that enlightened *residuum* in the mob below them to whom we have not yet extended the blessings of our democratic suffrage. About the home counties especially, whenever political life threatened to stagnate, animation was restored to the contest by importing an energetic element from Whitechapel and East London—men of action, perhaps, rather than of thought. In their contemptuous abhorrence, the political opponents of these patriots designated them "roughs," although in language and bearing they often showed unexpected congeniality with the most distinguished of the candidates they came to support. It ought surely to encourage those who shudder at the prospect of a still more extended suffrage, when they see that men of birth, standing, and cultivation reflect so faithfully the tone and manners of the very lowest orders in the community.

For our guidance in casting the horoscope of our political future we naturally look anxiously to what has passed in the heart of the country, in the great centre of the national life and wealth and enterprise. In the metropolis and its neighbourhood the symptoms are satisfactory. It is true that the seven candidates for the City preserved, even in their recriminations, a guarded decorum, which certain exigencies seemed perhaps to demand of those who claimed to represent the aristocracy of wealth. But no one could reproach their supporters with indifference of demeanour or want of patriotic spirit. At the meetings in the Guildhall and elsewhere, the citizens put in practice the tactics and the graces of behaviour of the Stock Exchange, and hustled and bonneted to their hearts' content. At the declaration of the poll, the demonstrations lately directed against Ritualism and Father Ignatius repeated themselves in exaggerated force, and had not the palisades before the hustings partaken of the usual substantial character of the City belongings, it would have been all the worse for the champions of the Minority Clause. The stage in Westminster was erected by the Nelson Column, on the spot sacred to Beales and brute force, and there anarchy animated itself with the sacred associations of that classic ground, and ruled for a time undisturbed. At the nomination, Captain Grosvenor so far derogated from the practices of metropolitan members as to cross the hustings to shake hands courteously with his Conservative opponent. But on the declaration day, by declining to accede to Mr. Smith's request that he should move the vote

of thanks to the returning officer, Mr. Mill took the opportunity at once of administering a tacit rebuke to his former colleague, and of addressing an eloquent reproach to his late constituents for ignoring his claims. In the other metropolitan districts there has been horse play and hard hitting among the competitors, and a free sprinkling of flowers of speech among their several supporters; but for outspoken frankness, the Liberal candidates for the county may, with perhaps a single exception, carry off the palm from all England. After the vigorous interchange of sentiments between Lord Enfield and Mr. Labouchere, it must remain a mystery how either could have failed to recommend himself to a body so largely leavened with the suburban element as the constituency of Middlesex. They proved themselves, one would have fancied, men of the very type whom metropolitan constituencies delight to honour as their delegates, while in its publicity their encounter throws into the shade the famous battle of the lobby between the members for Southwark and Marylebone. Mr. Labouchere's views of the character of his colleague were given with a breadth and precision that left nothing to desire. As he repeated them afterwards in comparatively cool blood they were even more unreserved than Lord Enfield represented them. "Well, Enfield, you always have been a sneak, and you always will be a sneak." This was Mr. Labouchere's verdict, pronounced rather in chastened sorrow than in anger. Lord Enfield professed to have accepted Mr. Labouchere's phrase less as the expression of deliberate conviction than as the ebullition of a passing irritation. "I will be d—d if you shall sneak out of it like that," is his lordship's version. But Mr. Labouchere declined to let him down easily by adopting the language and the interpretation of it thus attributed to him. And he subsequently added insult to injury by taxing Lord Enfield with having appealed to heaven in heroes worthy of a Transpontine theatre, as the outraged "scion of a noble house." We do not pretend to enter into the merits of the quarrel. We would only submit that, even with earnest politicians, vigour of speech ought to be backed by consistency of conduct. If Mr. Labouchere was hasty in pronouncing Lord Enfield a sneak, he should have made a candid confession to the electors that he had spoken unadvisedly, and in the heat of passion. If he only expressed his honest opinions in rough language, what, we may ask, is the epithet to apply to a man who proceeds to court the suffrages of a constituency in intimate alliance with "a sneak"? People who are inclined to doubt whether license of speech is among the best blessings attendant on political progress may be tempted to regret the days when language was tempered among gentlemen by the knowledge that an appeal lay in the last resort to the ordeal by battle.

A similar train of reflection might be suggested by the proceedings in Cambridgeshire. There, with one of the candidates at least, the battle of the parties seems to have been fought rather as a personal than a political one. Mr. Young confessed that he asked the confidence of the constituency to console him for the distrust shown towards him by the Lord-Lieutenant. Lord Royston and he were at issue as to how many of those magnates had successively denied him the coveted distinction of the magistracy. Previously Mr. Young, in an eloquent oration denouncing Lord John Manners for denying him his house, had consigned the Conservative candidate and all their works to the cesspool, along with their calumnies. One orator caught fire at the other, and Lord Royston, blazing up, proceeded to supply some missing passages to the chapter of autobiography with which Mr. Young had favoured the mob. One of these elicited from "a voice" the curt rejoinder, "That is a lie"; and the "voice" was in the first instance supposed to be that of Mr. Young. "Lie" is a tempting monosyllable to jerk at your adversary in the gap of a hustings speech, but there is now no doubt that Mr. Young did not use it on that occasion, although the *Times* reporter stood out for the precision of his original statement. Yet the word would scarcely have been out of harmony with the general tone of his reported speech, nor did he hasten to repudiate it when the impulsive Lord Royston rejoined, "You give me the lie on the hustings. What the devil do you mean by that?" And then his lordship proceeded to fall foul of the leading supporter of the county Hampden, a Mr. Pemberton, whom he amused himself by describing as Mr. Hodson - Pemberton. What may be the full force of the sarcasm involved in crediting a gentleman, against his will, with an extra surname and a hyphen, we do not know. But it is clear that Lord Royston and his victim did know, and the little episode, irrelevant to the respective merits of the candidates, and foreign to the question of the Irish Church, doubtless added much to the excitement if not the harmony of the proceedings.

These election amenities are to men of dulled sensibilities or rollicking humour like the scent of battle to the war horse; but the question is, are they not calculated to scare away thoughtful and serious politicians—the best portion, perhaps, of the intellect of the nation? These men can be ill spared from the Great Council of the country; but can we wonder if they hesitate to pass to it through the sights and sounds, the foul missiles and foul language, of the hustings? A man's services may have well entitled him to the confidence of a constituency, but he may hesitate to appear to ask for it when he knows that his family secrets will be paraded in public in the coarsest terms, at the instigation of paid agents who have made it their business to find them out. There are wounds on which your dearest friend would hesitate to lay a finger, and few men would care to chance the agony of having them rudely touched in public. The theory is, that you present yourself in public to make the profession of your political faith to all and sundry. In

practice you set yourself up as the mark in the political game of Aunt Sally—a mark at which the scum and dregs of the rabble are free to shy anything, moral or material, that comes to hand. Notwithstanding the recommendations of the present system, it is not impossible that the arguments which have condemned public hangings may in time do away with the hustings, and that the day may come when nominations, like executions, will be confined to a limited number of auditors and spectators.

THE CASE OF WASON v. WALTER.

THE Court of Queen's Bench has this week performed what is in truth a legislative function. Its decision in the case of Wason *v.* Walter will produce, as far as it goes, the same effect that was intended to be produced by a Bill brought into the late House of Commons to amend the law of libel. It is now decided that a fair report of a debate in Parliament is protected against an action for libel, although it may contain defamatory matter. The Bill proposed to extend the same protection to a fair report of the proceedings of any public meeting, and it might, in a certain sense, have been opportune to pass this Bill in anticipation of an autumn in which the holding of public meetings was to be the occupation of the whole country. As the law stands at present it could not be affirmed with certainty that reports of electioneering speeches are protected, although it cannot be doubted that many of them are libellous, as calculated to bring the political opponents of the speaker into ridicule and contempt, which is often given as a legal definition of a libel. It might, indeed, be predicted with tolerable confidence that the Courts of law, by a further exercise of legislative power, would give protection to reports of electioneering speeches, at least where the domain of private life is not invaded. Judges, in giving their decisions, do not any longer refuse to take account of the requirements of the age, and they feel the absurdity of punishing a journalist for doing that which the whole community considers indispensably necessary to have done. There is no successor on the Bench of that Judge who, being asked what were his politics, answered, "I am a special pleader."

As regards the supposed authorities which Mr. Wason's counsel urged upon the Court, it is enough to say that the Court was determined to disregard them. With all the affected reverence of English Courts of law for precedent, the value of an authority depends greatly upon whether it is adapted to the condition of society in which we live. In truth, the Judges hold the language of their predecessors while the spirit of those predecessors has passed away. It would have been useless to talk to the late Mr. Justice Littledale about the requirements of the age, as he would have simply answered that people would have to do without those privileges and conveniences which the law, as contained in his books, did not allow them. There is almost an antiquarian interest attaching to his judgment in the case of Stockdale *v.* Hansard, although it was delivered less than thirty years ago:—

As to the general information to be given to the public of all that is going on in Parliament, I cannot conceive upon what ground that can be necessary. He saw no utility in reports of debates in Parliament, and he was only half convinced of the utility of reports of proceedings in Courts of justice; for he quotes with seeming approbation the remark of a predecessor on the Bench, that the case which was supposed to establish the immunity of such reports must be understood with considerable qualification. That case, however, remains in the Reports, and the disposition to qualify it has ceased to exist on the Judicial Bench. It was decided more than sixty years ago, and, like the case which we are now discussing, it arose out of an action against a Mr. Walter, as proprietor of the *Times*; so that to the same journal belongs the honour of having established these two great points of the privilege of journalists—namely, that of protection for fair reports of proceedings in Courts of justice, and of debates in Parliament. The decision which was given on Wednesday last had been generally anticipated, and indeed it required a person of Mr. Wason's peculiar character to persevere in challenging a decision upon a point on which the opinion of the entire legal profession was probably against his having the smallest prospect of success. It was, of course, possible to present to the Court an argument on behalf of Mr. Wason, just as it was possible to present one on behalf of the ladies of England who claimed to vote at the election. The opinion of Mr. Justice Patterson was declared as strongly as that of Mr. Justice Littledale against the existence of any privilege for reports of Parliamentary debates. He expressly rejected the argument from the privilege which at that time had become tolerably well established as existing for reports of proceedings in Courts of justice, because, as he said, the Courts of justice are open, but the Houses of Parliament are closed. In contemplation of law no person was supposed to be present at a debate, and, therefore, no person could be conceived to have any privilege to report the speeches that were made in it. This opinion of Mr. Justice Patterson was expressed in the same case of Stockdale *v.* Hansard in which Mr. Justice Littledale delivered the remarkable sentiment that reports of debates were unnecessary:—

If the constituents had a right to know all that passes, or if the House of Commons were an open court, then, indeed, there might be some colour for saying that it was necessary to publish all its proceedings.

These words of Mr. Justice Patterson were quoted in the recent argument without producing the least effect upon the Court. It was answered, indeed, by one of the Judges, that the House of

Commons is in fact open to as many of the public as can find room in it, although in theory its doors are closed. And it was answered, further, that these words expressed a mere opinion which was unnecessary for the decision of the actual question before the Court. It may be useful to mention that the question in *Stockdale v. Hansard* was whether the printer of the House of Commons was protected in publishing by order of the House a report of inspectors of prisons, containing matter defamatory of the plaintiff. The report was sold to the public just as innumerable reports and other papers now are, and the defamatory matter was a statement that a book published by the plaintiff and found in a prison was indecent. It is easy to call to mind many reports which are full of matter which would be actionable as libellous, and for which the plaintiff would recover damages unless the defendant could prove their truth. Indeed, commissioners are frequently appointed for the very purpose of making reports which will necessarily bear this character. And many of these reports are regarded by the nation as of the highest interest, and are printed in the newspapers and read by the public quite as generally as reports of debates. The report of the Jamaica Commission will occur to everybody as an example. The effect of the decision in *Stockdale v. Hansard* would have been to make the publisher of such a report liable to pay damages for every injurious statement contained in it of which he could not prove the truth. The law of libel in this particular case was deemed so outrageous to common sense and public utility, that an Act of Parliament was passed to alter it. But the law of libel, as regarded reports of debates, was left untouched by statute; and although it is convenient now to treat the utterances of judges as to that law as mere extra-judicial *dicta*, it cannot be doubted that those Judges expressed the opinions which prevailed thirty years ago in Westminster Hall, and if the question had then arisen it would have been decided in conformity with that opinion. However, the opposite opinion has now been established; and, as we accept a Reform Bill from Conservatives, so we receive with thankfulness the decision of the Judges, without scrutinizing too narrowly the reasoning process by which they have arrived at it. If that worthy person, Mr. Justice Littledale, had been told that he was behind the requirements of the age, he would doubtless have rendered thanks to Heaven which had kept him so. But, when even country gentlemen and clergymen are feeling the necessity of progress, it would not do for the Courts of law to stand so stiffly on the ancient ways. It is probable that, whenever Parliament had leisure, it would have given protection to reports of its debates; but, as Parliament may not be at leisure very soon, it is convenient in the meantime to have the decision of a Court of law that the protection exists already.

The leading article in which the *Times* commented upon the debate in question was found by the jury to be a fair and moderate comment, such as a public writer was justified in making upon a public matter. As regards this part of the case, neither the direction of the judge nor the finding of the jury was seriously impugned. It is for a jury to say whether a newspaper article transgresses the allowed limits of discussion, and the jury must consider, not only whether the writer honestly believed any imputation which he may make, but also whether that belief had reasonable foundation. The law requires that a writer should apply his mind to the facts before him, and endeavour to derive a just conclusion from them; but we may venture to lay down, although we have not the authority of any judge to guide us, that the law only requires a journalist to apply such mind as he may happen to possess. The law, we do not doubt, will indulgently consider the weaknesses of the journalist and the exigencies of his position. There is, for example, a party, much stronger in numbers than in intellect, which chooses to style itself "Constitutional," and this party requires to be cheered and stimulated by articles in several daily and weekly newspapers. If this demand is to be supplied, the necessary work must be done by workmen not too clever for the job. To borrow the celebrated expression of Lord Westbury, the Conservative journalist must be allowed to devote to the task before him what he is pleased to call his mind—that is, his own mind, and not the mind of somebody else who would see in a moment the absurdity and hollowness of the imputations which he repeats honestly and indefatigably from day to day in the pages of his journal. It is not at all likely that Mr. Gladstone will bring actions for libel against the "Constitutional" organs which impute that he is a Jesuit in disguise. But if he did, he would be met by a defence which would be in effect this—that the defendant followed the humble but useful business of an upholder of the British Constitution, that he was not particularly clever or well-informed, and, in fact, his employers would not tolerate any "damned intellectuals" in their office, and that he implicitly believed all that the leaders of his party stated. There was a case of *Turnbull v. Bird* a few years ago, in which the direction of the late Lord Chief Justice Erle to the jury was not exactly understood; and we believe that obscurity arose from his Lordship not having clearly enunciated what must necessarily have been present to his mind, that the defendant in that case, being Secretary to the Protestant Alliance, could only judge of the plaintiff's conduct by such intellectual light as he possessed, and the supply of that article must be limited, because otherwise the Secretary would be in danger of discovering that Protestantism was a delusion, and the Alliance useless, except to give importance to its leaders. It may be remembered that Mr. Turnbull, who was a

Roman Catholic, had been appointed Calendarer of Foreign State Papers, and Mr. Bird, in his capacity of Secretary of the Protestant Alliance, in the course of a newspaper controversy on the propriety of the appointment, suggested that such papers might not be safe in the hands of persons of Mr. Turnbull's religious views, particularly if those persons sometimes had fires in their sitting-rooms. It was disputed whether, upon a fair construction of the alleged libel, this imputation was levelled at Mr. Turnbull or at Roman Catholics in general. But, assuming that it was aimed at Mr. Turnbull, the jury were directed by the Judge to consider whether Mr. Bird could have honestly believed that the imputation was well-founded. It has been hastily inferred, from the terms of this direction of Sir William Erle, that a journalist or other public writer is justified in writing whatever he honestly believes, and that he is not bound to inquire into the grounds of the belief which he adopts. But it is the golden rule of legal interpretation to consider every judgment with reference to the exact case before the Judge. If Sir William Erle did not say that the Secretary of the Protestant Alliance was bound to use his mind, the reason may have been that that officer *ex vi termini* could not have any mind to use. It is consistent with the learned Judge's direction to the jury that journalists who are neither Protestant nor Constitutional are presumed by the law to have minds, and to use them in forming their opinions upon current events; and therefore, as regards such journalists, the question for the jury will be, not only whether they honestly entertained a belief, but also whether they had reasonable grounds for entertaining it.

The difficulty which was created by comparing this case of *Turnbull v. Bird* with later cases has been removed by Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, who has stated, with his usual lucidity, the direction which ought to be given to a jury, and which he himself in fact gave at the trial of Mr. Wason's action. The jury, he says, must be satisfied that the comments complained of had been made with an honest belief in their justice; but that is not enough, inasmuch as such belief might originate in the blindness of party zeal, or in personal or political aversion. "A person taking upon himself to criticize and condemn the conduct or motives of another must bring to the task, not only an honest sense of justice, but also a reasonable degree of judgment and moderation."

RECENT ART IN BERLIN.

PRUSSIA is ambitious in arts as in arms, and Berlin, the capital of the new German Confederation, has determined to make herself the great art centre in Northern Europe. The city, singularly ill-situated for beauty or picturesque effect, has done her best to supply what nature denied. "Unter den Linden," though unable, like our own Regent Street, to withstand either weather or criticism, may be accepted as a somewhat pleasant art compilation of shops, trees, and cafés. Berlin evidently has been got up as a show; she has done much in the way of façading; the arts are on public promenade in her streets, and are drawn up with military dignity and precision in her open squares; the gods, including of course Frederick the Great, defy the elements, and in winter, Minerva, snowclad as a peasant in Iceland, sustains the dignity of classic art in shivering state. We incline to think that modern art—or, rather, modern architecture—has in Berlin missed its way; it has turned its back contemptuously on old German nationality in order to coquet with the Italian Cinquecento; and the offspring of the alliance is pseudo-classic corrupt Renaissance, and a hodgepodge mixture, the polyglot of all styles. Thus, naturally, people of true art instincts prefer such unpretending and unspoilt towns as Dresden, Bamberg, and Nuremberg.

Berlin is more happy in what she has collected than in what she has created; the contents of her Museums are of more worth than the buildings themselves. The Old and the New Museums, in their general scheme and arrangement, have deservedly been held as models; the chronological classification instituted by Dr. Wangen obtains wide approval; and the catalogue prepared by the erudit Doctor served as a precedent to Sir Charles Eastlake and Mr. Worme for the present admirable catalogue of our own National Gallery. Perhaps in no city can the systematic study of the schools of painting, and the history of art generally through its monuments, be prosecuted with greater advantage than in Berlin. Strangers are usually struck with the treatment of the Egyptian antiquities collected by Lepsius at the instigation of Bunsen. The building has been designed and decorated in keeping with its contents; sarcophagi, mummies, inscriptions, &c., are disposed within temples and tombs. Analogous modes of treatment were, in the interests of popular instruction rather than of historic truth, adopted, it is well known, at Sydenham; but Mr. Owen Jones frankly admits that "the most perfect specimen of Egyptian art we remember to have seen is the tomb which Dr. Lepsius removed from the neighbourhood of the Pyramids, now in the Berlin Museum." In other departments also the mural decorations are made to serve as consonant historic background. Thus in the "Salle Grecque" are "Peintures de murs par MM. Schirmer, Biermann, Schmidt, Graeb et Pape"; among the scenes depicted are "Tombeaux en Lytie," "Syracuse avec l'Acropole et le Temple de Minerve," "Égine avec le Temple de Jupiter," "Intérieur de l'Acropole à Athènes," "Intérieur du Temple de Jupiter à Olympie," "Athènes avec l'Acropole." Of course these temples are painted in great measure on conjecture, and, like the various reconstructions of the Roman Forum, can only be accepted as approximations to truth. Still the imagination is

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gratified, and the intellect, at least of the common people, cannot but be instructed; as pictures these works may not be of any very high order, but the scenic effect gained is striking, and the art is sufficient for the occasion. It were futile to recommend the adoption of like mural decorations in the British or the Kensington Museums, simply because we have no artists in England by whom they could be carried out. The miserable failure of the wall-paintings at Westminster has, we fear, put a stop for many a year to any national or municipal schemes of mural painting. In Germany frescoes have stood fairly well, and it is hoped that the new "wasserglas" process will stand still better. In Berlin wall-paintings have found their way even into private dwellings, as in Italy there are trained artists, rapid and certain of hand, masters of pictorial and decorative effect, who will in short space and at small cost cover the side of a room or a corridor with bold panoramic compositions. Of a higher order far are the grand series of pictures we will now describe—the wall-paintings executed in "water glass" by Kaulbach, in the "Treppenhaus" of the Berlin New Museum.

Wilhelm von Kaulbach, in his youth a scholar of Cornelius in the school of Dusseldorf, has now, at the mature age of sixty-three, won the very highest position among living painters. The artist's studio is at this moment once more in the Academy of Munich, but his greatest achievements are in Berlin. The New Museum in that city, of which we have already spoken, contains a vast "Treppenhaus." On this "Staircase" Kaulbach, in emulation of Raffaelle in the Stanze of the Vatican, has developed a grand pictorial scheme which, in its ambitious range, claims to illustrate the history of the world and to shadow forth the destiny of the human race. Twenty-four engravings of these large and complex compositions are now before us. The pictures themselves, which we have known while in execution, we have recently examined carefully in their finally complete condition. The whole work has been elaborated slowly and studiously, through the best years of the painter's life; thus, as far back as the Paris "Exposition Universelle de 1855" we found nine cartoons for these wall-paintings, while in the last great French Exhibition the cartoon for the "Era of the Reformation" gained for Bavaria its one "grand prix." It is impossible, within the compass at our command, to do justice to these grand compositions executed in "water glass." We may, however, say that the painter's object has been—in a series of six compositions, each some thirty feet long, and comprising over one hundred figures above life-size—to seize upon salient turning-points and to elucidate certain epochs in the world's progressive civilization. The epochs chosen are the "Tower of Babel," the "Era of the Greeks," the "Destruction of Jerusalem," the "Battle of the Huns," the "Crusades," and the "Era of the Reformation." Kaulbach's free and easy reading of history, and the latitudinarianism of his creed, have in Germany given occasion to considerable cavil. The best apology is that the artist is exclusively the artist; that he is not the divine, to teach doctrines and dogmas, but, like Shakespeare or Goethe, the dramatic poet, to seek in the world's history noble characters, stirring action, and grand scenic situations. Raffaelle, it is believed, in the composition of the "Theology," the "School of Athens," the "Poesia," &c., accepted gladly ideas from the learned men of his time; and we know that our own painters and sculptors who attempted the decoration of the Houses of Parliament were assisted by a Royal Commission of which such men as Lord Macaulay, Mr. Hallam, and Lord Mahon were members. It would be interesting to know what help, if any, Kaulbach sought from the learned Professors of the Berlin University. Athenian artists were accustomed to hold close intellectual relationship with the poets and philosophers of their period, and Kaulbach, who in a great measure is a self-made man, could ill afford to sever his art from the critical acumen and profound research which in Germany have served to elucidate, and sometimes to undermine, the very historic "eras" which the painter has portrayed. Yet, fortunately, it is possible for these pictures to be poetically true, though historically false. Thus it may be agreeable to the eye and conformable to decorative ends that such compositions should be nicely balanced and evenly distributed; yet it is hard to conceive that historic epochs, such as the overthrow at Babel, the recitations of Homer, or the preaching of Luther, could have invariably been enacted in a circle. Painting in a circle, like arguing in a circle, cannot but involve fallacies. The art of Kaulbach, in short, may possibly be imaginative, poetic, academic, classic, and a thousand great things beside. But this one thing is certain, that the manner is eminently artificial. The same charge, and not wholly without reason, has been made against the more elaborate and possibly overforced compositions of Raffaelle. The works of Kaulbach beyond doubt suffer under the want of strong conviction; the artist pays the inevitable penalty of serving, not two, but twenty, masters; he seeks to be all things to all men. And the consequence is that these marvellous and matchless creations in Berlin would fail to satisfy Greeks of the time of Phidias, would not seem honest and earnest to devout spiritual painters of the middle ages, and do not commend themselves by actual truth and individuality to the naturalistic schools which in Germany are now rising to dominion. Kaulbach, in fact, is universal to fault; painters more partial and less prolific have greater strength in narrower spheres.

We wish it were possible to give here an adequate idea of these imposing mural decorations, the crowning product of the modern German school. We have already spoken of the general idea or conception, and we have incidentally indicated the art

character of the work and the position which that work has made for the painter himself. A few words may fitly be added on these latter points. We would say then that Kaulbach, in historic styles, stands on frontier-lines between classic territories, Renaissance epochs, and modern times. Thus the offspring of the painter's imagination is hybrid. A Venus from his pencil is a fashionable coquette, Pudicizia a courtesan; his cherubs are Cupids, his Christs Apollos, his Madonnas Junos, his Jehovahs Jupiters. Hence it will be easily understood that the great German has slight claim to the title of a religious artist; and herein he differs from the great Italian painter to whom otherwise he is akin; for be it remembered that Raffaelle, even after the year when Ruskin tells of his apostacy, painted the divine "San Sisto." Kaulbach's genius, indeed, is sometimes even the reverse of serious and sedate; into the midst of historic scenes the most solemn, the painter is accustomed to thrust a humour essentially German, and absolutely grotesque. So indomitable indeed is the comic sense within his mind, that the broad farce of "Reineke Fuchs," which some hold to be the artist's master product, he would not scruple to place on Olympus or the Mount of Transfiguration. It must be confessed that the ancient Greeks and the middle-age Italians did not permit themselves such licence. But cosmopolitan Kaulbach aspires to something more universal than Michael Angelo or Da Vinci; his art is at once Cisalpine and Transalpine, it is at home with Albert Durer and Martin Schon, it migrates to distant lands, it passes our English Channel in kindred with Hogarth and Leech, in fellowship with Chaucer and Shakspeare. Yet it is no injustice to add that Kaulbach, in thus distending himself to universality, and striving to be the equal of the greatest of men collectively, incurs the danger of becoming less than the least individually. Such in fact has always been the penalty paid by eclecticism.

The Treppenhaus in the New Museum aims, in common with the most pretentious of German revivals, to gain united force through the combined master arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting. The structure is designed expressly to receive the decorations, and consequently ornament holds its due place in the concerted whole, and performs just its appointed function and no more. The architecture is perhaps rather more mongrel than we could desire; it is of the scenic and illicit school of Schinkel, who, like Klenze in Munich, has done much both to make and to mar the city surrendered to his genius. The polychrome applied to this architectonic staircase is not, like that in Munich, Byzantine or mediaeval, but is rather allied to classic and Pompeian styles. Indeed the single and subsidiary figures which Kaulbach has made to float on a field of chocolate are directly Pompeian in colour as in treatment. As usual, the figures on gold grounds tell best decoratively. Altogether the colouring is a success, though, as usual in like German revivals, its relations show more of science and hard intellect than of intuition and emotion; the tones are apt to be crude, hot, and yet repellently dead and cold. Still, as we have indicated, the whole composition, as if under a strong effort of the reason and the will, has been forced into a not unpleasing propriety and agreement.

It might be interesting, did space permit, to discuss the relative merits of fresco and of that new process of "wasserglas" of which Kaulbach is the most experienced manipulator. It is understood that both Kaulbach and Piloty give to the new method a preference over the old, while other German artists still adhere to the ancient historic mode. It is our belief that each material has its specific advantages; fresco possesses more brilliance, transparency, purity; water glass, with a certain opacity and blackness, as exemplified under Kaulbach's treatment in Berlin, gains in compensation more detail and finish, more unity in light and shade, more of atmospheric distance and aerial perspective. Yet it is scarcely an injustice to say that, while an Italian "fresco puro" may be compared to the best old window-painting, these "wasserglas" works may be likened to windows of the new Munich school. It will be remembered that on the failure of frescoes in the Houses of Parliament, Mr. Maclise, at the instigation of the Prince Consort, went to Berlin to learn from Kaulbach the newly invented process. Ten years ago he reported to "the Commissioners of the Fine Arts" that he had closely inspected "five large and otherwise notable subjects," also "colossal allegorical single figures, painted in the new material, and owing their permanency to having been impregnated with water-glass. Of these works it may indeed safely be said that they form a series of the noblest embellishments of one of the grandest halls which architecture has as yet dedicated to the development of a kindred art; and here, too, is to be viewed to perfection how transcendently imposing are the results when the two arts are harmoniously combined." This tribute from the great mural painter in England to his German brother in arts is generous, and scarcely over-coloured. We may add that the pictures which Mr. Maclise saw in process of painting in the autumn of 1858 are now, in the autumn of 1868, in perfect preservation; those first executed are as fresh as the most recent. We cannot here enter into further details; we would only, in conclusion, say that the prayer which the devoted inventor of "wasserglas" uttered shortly before his death seems to have obtained an answer in Kaulbach's completed work. "I offer," wrote Dr. von Fuchs, "to my friends, many of whom assisted me materially in my difficulties, my deep-felt gratitude at the conclusion of my labours. But, before all, I thank God, who graciously allowed His weak and aged servant to finish the preceding investigation of water glass, and its application, so far that others may build upon the foundation I have laid. To the Giver

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of all good be thanks for all joys and sufferings experienced! May His blessing be upon the work!"

Berlin, in other directions than those above indicated, shows an activity and enterprise in the arts worthy of her position as the capital of a united Germany. Since our previous visit the vast cartoons of Cornelius have been massed and thrown into an exhibition. In a Town Gallery are collected specimens of modern German art; and during the present autumn there has been held in the Royal Berlin Academy—which offers hanging space three times as great as our own Academy—an exhibition of more than a thousand works representative of the present aspect of the divers schools of Germany. Berlin, indeed, notwithstanding military supremacy, has been, and still is, a strong focus of art labour—an art workshop famous for its erudite products and critical acumen even more than for its origina power. The scene of Wangen's and Kugler's life labours was laid in Berlin; and now Grimm, the writer of the latest and fullest memoir of Michael Angelo, and Woltmann, who has made himself a name by his studies on Holbein, sustain the reputation long enjoyed by the city for critical research. In not another capital in Europe is there closer reciprocity between art creation and criticism, between art products and art philosophies.

REVIEWS.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF MAMMALS.*

MR. MURRAY'S work on the *Geographical Distribution of Mammals* is a book of such solid and sterling merit that we feel no apology to be due to our readers for bringing to their notice what cannot now be called a new publication. Our regrets should, if anything, take the form of excuses for not having found an earlier opportunity of drawing attention to its marked, and in many respects, exceptional merits. The great breadth of view adopted by the writer for his inquiry, the extent of his reading and research, and the width together with the caution of his generalizations, would remind us of that patient and persistent toil which we associate in general with the plodding genius of Germany, were it not for that more calm and wary tone of speculation which marks the less imaginative intellect of the North Briton. The hardy fibre of his national temperament is well displayed in his laborious heaping together of the results of wide travel and exploration, as well as in the shrewd, methodical, and well-sustained conclusions which he proceeds to build upon these data. The immense amount of scattered information which has of late years been made public regarding the geographical distribution of plants and animals suggested to his mind the desirableness of its being "classified and methodically displayed, so that some general and connected view of the facts, and of their bearing upon each other, should be attained." The work is thus essentially one of compilation. It is not one in which it is needful for the author to have himself traversed in person the areas or scenes over which his researches are spread. In the case of a design of this worldwide extension such a pretension would be in itself preposterous. Not even to a Humboldt is it given to prosecute in person a survey vastly more comprehensive than that from China to Peru. Yet where individual observation or special experience can do but little, it is in the power of the philosophic reasoner and critic sitting at home to organize and reduce to method such materials as the special explorer or narrator, each in his province, has to contribute to the common stock of knowledge. The specialist, indeed, is generally at sea when he gets beyond the limits of his own territory. The geologist is often unfamiliar with botany, and the botanist with geology; while the zoologist may have little or no knowledge of the crust of that earth on which the vital forms within his particular ken live and move. It is in the correlation and harmony of these with the manifold kindred branches of physical study that true science finds its appropriate task. Addressing himself in the main to the professed naturalist, Mr. Murray has kept concurrently in view the wants of the general reader. It has been his object to keep clear, as far as possible, from technical nomenclature where words in common use would fulfil their purpose, endeavouring to hit, both in his text and in his references, the happy mean between a burdensome display of erudition and a selection too meagre to be of use. It is no small credit to him to have succeeded in producing a work at once so full and comprehensive in its treatment of these multifarious heads of inquiry, and so clear and readable as regards its method, its argument, and its style. If there is any fault to be found with it, we should point to a tendency to carry system and method to excess. It is but too common a weakness or idiosyncrasy in compilers to be ready with a theory upon every point, to work out every problem at the instant, and to round off the whole cyclopædia of knowledge with a comfortable assurance that no difficulty remains behind. This we need hardly say, in the present partial and imperfect state of our knowledge even as regards the surface of our globe, is hardly the attitude of true philosophy. Abating, however, as we may claim to do here and there from our author's dogmatism, or, should he prefer the term, his precipitation in theorizing and arriving at conclusions, there is in his handsome volume an amount of sound reasoning, as well as of curious and

well digested facts, to entitle him to the confidence and gratitude of the public.

We could have wished to see a greater amount of appreciation expressed for the labours of the great pioneer in this direction, Mr. Keith Johnston, or for those foreign sources to whom the compiler of the *Physical Atlas* in turn acknowledged his debt of obligation, such as the geographical outlines of Professor Berghaus, and the ethnographic schemes of Kombst and others. In the interval of five-and-twenty years which has elapsed since the publication of Keith Johnston's laborious work, many new facts of value have been brought to light, with the result of remodelling, to a great extent, many of the pre-existent theories of terrestrial physics. Still their proper meed of respect remains due to those by whom the first advances towards a comparatively untried system of scientific exposition were made.

For the assistance of the non-geological reader Mr. Murray has prefixed to his volume a diagram of the succession of geological strata, with their respective thicknesses, followed by a short series of clearly drawn maps, exhibiting the aspect of the globe at different critical periods of its configuration. The first of these is a chart representing the 100 fathom line of the existing coast—in other words, what the configuration of the dry land would be were it everywhere elevated 600 feet. The author here expresses his sense of the great assistance rendered him by the Hydrographic Department of the Admiralty, in the use of charts and in the access to other official means of information. A second map exhibits what would be the probable coast-line were the existing land depressed 600 feet. This must of necessity remain in parts more conjectural even than the former, notwithstanding the whole array of materials at the command of the Geographical Society. Comparatively few of the lower altitudes of the earth's surface are known. The third map shows the parts of the earth on which tertiary and quaternary formations have been known to occur; that is, those which were probably under water at, or nearly before, the time of the glacial epoch. The fourth map, in which the valuable aid of Professor Ramsay has been acknowledged, shows, so far as is known, the localities where glacial action or remains of the drift or boulder clay have been remarked. A fifth map is given, exhibiting the lands which are supposed to be now rising or sinking respectively, the portion relating to the Southern hemisphere being almost exclusively deduced from Mr. Darwin's map in his admirable volume on *Coral Formations*. In addition to these, nearly a hundred charts or diagrams are interspersed throughout the volume, showing the range of habitat proper to each of the leading subdivisions or species of animal life, so far as the researches of voyagers and naturalists enable these limits to be drawn out. The labour involved in this compilation must have been immense, and the outlay inseparable from the preparation of so many plates, with their coloured distinctions, must be such as, we fear, to strike a losing balance between the author's zeal for science and the consideration of personal advantage. The greater, we need scarcely say, should be the public appreciation of a work carried through at so manifest a sacrifice.

The leading theory of Mr. Murray's work is that the successive changes in the forms of organic life are the result of corresponding alterations in the physical conditions of the earth. His design, limited professedly to the history of the mammalian species, needs obviously to be carried no further back than to a certain period—that, namely, at which mammals were first definitely established; in other words, since the close of the secondary epoch. The crisis between the close of the secondary and the opening of the tertiary period should be marked, in accordance with this view, by some wide and important cosmical change, for at that time there was a great start given to the development of species. New forms and new types of life then came into being. Of the precise nature or extent of this change we know but little. One feature of it probably was some great disturbance in the relative proportions of land to water—a change from a world almost covered with water to one with less sea and more dry land. No remains of land animals have been found during the period of the chalk sea, and very few of terrestrial plants; while soon afterwards both are found in plenty. Be the change, however, what it may, it seems certain that then, *inter alia*, terrestrial life for the first time assumed an important place in creation. The first stage was the eocene epoch. Remains of that period occur in Europe, Asia, and America; also in North Africa. But none have been found in Africa south of the Sahara, nor more than a few disputed traces in Australia. A portion of Australia is, indeed, thought to have been above the sea in the secondary and eocene epochs, and to have remained so ever since. It was even connected, many have held, by dry land with Europe, if not also with the continent of America. Our author is inclined to close with Professor Unger's hypothesis of a land communication stretching from South America, across Australia, via the Moluccas, to Asia; the similarity of the floras of the Western continent with the Australian and Indo-Malayan suggesting a continuity of diffusion, as well as an identity of climate. Since then, owing to changes of upheaval and depression, with other disturbances of the relations of life, this uniformity has been broken up, and the present variety of species introduced. No sudden or violent change seems to have taken place during the eocene period. "Mammalian life went on gradually from the marsupial to the paleotheroid animals, and onwards to the ruminants; and the flora passed from the Australian to the miocene or North American type." The principal cause of such

* *The Geographical Distribution of Mammals.* By Andrew Murray. London: Day & Son. 1866.

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changes was doubtless the altered distribution of land and water, bringing with it a great alteration of temperature. A vast submergence of land seems to have taken place in the Southern hemisphere, and as great an emergence in the Northern. The oceanic islets, Mr. Darwin was the first to show, are vestiges of a great continent. We may demur to Professor Edward Forbes's conclusion that the Sargasso seadrifts of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans are *débris* of the submerged flora of the same vast lands. But stronger grounds than this exist for a belief in the fact of what has been called the "miocene Atlantis" having existed where the Atlantic now rolls. There are manifold points of scientific evidence to bear out the well-known tradition handed down by Plato in the *Timaeus*, as imparted to Solon in Egypt by a certain priest of Sais. Heer's ideal map shows a continent as large as Europe occupying the very part where the Atlantic is now deepest and broadest. The arguments on both sides are briefly but clearly summarized by Mr. Murray, who inclines at all events to the view of a land communication towards the Arctic circle. The polar climate, we must keep in mind, was at that time genial, as Heer and others have made clear. And a very trifling elevation of the existing land would make easy a land passage between Greenland and Europe.

Whether we feel driven, however, definitely to espouse the Atlantis theory or not, the problem of the existing distribution of plants and animals in Europe and America takes its real point of departure from the glacial epoch. Then arises the great question of the rehabilitation and dispersion of life after that age of death. We have to consider life in North America as being by the glacial cold driven into Mexico, and in Europe all but extirpated; while the communication with America was cut off, except at an extreme northerly point which lay at the greatest distance from the surviving focus of each country respectively. It is plain that neither country could help the other. America could receive European colonists, and Europe American, only after they had each been re-peopled from some independent source. Europe, we may see, must have drawn its new inhabitants almost entirely from Asia. The Sahara—still a sea, though perhaps diminished in size—cut off from Africa, and it seems decided that none of the special flora or fauna of Africa are to be met with in Europe. Slight remnants of the miocene flora, such as are still to be found in Europe, might well have been preserved in those parts of Southern Europe which existed as islands, beyond the reach of the glacial sheet. But the flora and fauna of Europe and Asia are essentially one. Climatic variations in so vast a district may doubtless have existed, and three sub-provinces have indeed been made out—the Scandinavian, the Mediterranean, and the Mongolo-Siberian—but otherwise the form of life in all Asia north of the Himalayas, and in Europe, is of one type. With respect to America, the whole of the surviving flora and fauna having been crowded into the north-west of Mexico and central America, it was from that source that the re-peopling must have taken place. On the retreat of the ice, life would, of course, follow it step by step. But the starting-point being west of the great dividing ridge or backbone of America—or, as Mr. Murray thinks more probable, west of a vast tertiary sea which lay in the line of the present Missouri and Mackenzie rivers—the stream of life, thus penned in between the Pacific and these barriers, would flow up in strength into California and Oregon, and only such a portion of it as might be able to pass the ridge or sea would succeed in making good its footing on the eastern side of North America. This great sea-barrier, extending northwards to the Pole, has been supposed by Professors Dana and Asa Gray to have been followed by a mild fluvial epoch, as well as by a third, the "terrace epoch," during which the interchange of migrations took place over a high plateau connecting Northern America and Asia, where the isothermal lines then ran high. This latter hypothesis is, as Mr. Murray shows, open to doubt. But there is much reason in his view of the Missouri-Mackenzie strait or tertiary sea north of Vancouver's Island, hemming in North-Western America, and preserving it as a comparatively isolated region in which, as pointed out by Dr. Hooker, "we have, as in an oceanic island, a great mixture of types (Asiatic, European, East and West American) and paucity of species."

In Asia, then, we must look for the refuge of life; not in the Malayan south-east, which was probably then cut off from Northern Asia, but in the south-east of the then existing continent—in other words, in Japan and the north of China. The floras preserved in Asia and America would of course undergo different changes as they spread further and further from their starting-point. An argument has been based by Mr. McClelland upon the diminution in the number of species from Japan or Eastern Asia westwards, leading to the inference that there was a highway open all the way round the earth from Japan to California; the number of species gradually dropping off as they got further and further, until, of 1,550 phenogamous plants found in Japan, no more than 120 species survived as far as Western America. Mr. Murray shows grounds for shaking the basis of this calculation. The paucity of species in Western America is better explained, he argues, by his theory. "As regards modified species which have found their way from Asia to America, or vice versa, the difference in their proportion in East and West America is to be sought for in the comparatively insular position of the latter; fenced off, as I have shown, by seas to the West, to the greater part of the East, and probably also to the North. Hence East America, although furthest from Asia, received the Asiatic species first, and Western America only received them by regurgitation from the East."

From this general survey of the conditions of life as exhibited by the earth at the commencement of the mammalian epoch our author proceeds to trace more particularly the growth and diffusion of species. Adopting what is generally known as the descending method, he allots to Man the first place in his inquiry. Without professing to set at rest all the conflicting views of ethnographers as to the origin and specific differences of the human race, Mr. Murray is content to rest in the broad and palpable distinction of white and black. His reasoning goes to trace all subordinate varieties to the primary divisions of a tropical and a polar stock. To a variety of the black race he would refer the widely diffused but closely allied tribes which peopled Australia and Polynesia, extending thence to the Malay peninsula and the circumjacent islands. Another singular offshoot of the same Papuan or Austro-Malayan stock is to be found in the "hill-men" of India, nearly akin to the existing natives of the Andaman Islands. In these we are invited to trace the relics of a primitive Negritan race, peopling the Indian continent previously to its submersion, and driven, as the land sank beneath the floods, to the hill-tops. There they have since been kept by the hostility of the more cultivated races who poured into the plains "as the fertile ooze of the once tropical sea became rich in verdure, and was peopled with a flora, fauna, and human inhabitants of its own." It is impossible for us to pursue the author's ingenious train of proofs, from the vestiges of the monkey tribes and other varieties of quadrupeds, in favour of the same theory. Still less can we do justice to the industry and wide research with which he follows up the chain of life, through every link of mammalian affinity, to where it may be taken to branch off in the mysterious Monotremes toward bird and reptile types. The chapter on those strange and anomalous forms, the Echidna and the Ornithorhynchus, with which the volume closes, is one of the best specimens of those bold yet simple generalizations with which Mr. Murray has made us familiar. Is the Monotreme to be placed alongside the marsupials or the edentata? Is he, as has even been suggested, the common parent of both? Are we to see in him the missing link between the mammal and the bird? We know, indeed, nothing mammalian nearer to the birds than the monotreme; but this is no proof, our author rightly urges, that this was the actual route by which the mammalian element entered into existence, or that the mammals were derived from the birds at all. They may equally have come from the reptiles. Here, however, while indicating the track which comparative physiology and natural history may be expected to follow up in the future, the writer desists from the pursuit with a becoming sense of the "feebleness of our existing knowledge, and our inability to follow up the indications which such affinities suggest to our thoughts." The more we study the difficulty the more humbly we acknowledge with him, "Such knowledge is too wonderful for us; it is high; we cannot attain unto it."

THE "SOUVENIRS" OF M. ALEX. DUMAS.*

IT may be admitted that memory is a faculty from the application of which no class of objects, real or imaginary, falling within the range of human ken can be excluded. We remember the things with which we have come in contact, the books we have read, the tales told by our friends, and the results of our own reasoning. Nevertheless, when we refer to our memory, in the conversation of ordinary life, we commonly view it in connexion with those things exclusively by which we have been immediately affected. Thus we might fairly say that we remembered the contents of the Pentateuch, meaning that we had read the book, and had not forgotten the facts which it had brought under our notice. But if we said that we remembered Moses and Aaron, the expression, though so far justifiable that it is by an act of memory we recall those illustrious persons to our mind, would at least sound odd, if not inaccurate, in ordinary parlance. Still more singular would it appear if among our reminiscences we comprised a comparative estimate of the treatment of the story of Electra by the three Greek tragedians, though, were it not for memory, the work of comparison would be impossible. But no such limit affects the word "souvenir" as used by M. Dumas. Whatever has occurred to him, whatever he has thought, read, or heard about, is freely classed by him among his reminiscences. Even the word "dramatique" scarcely supplies a boundary, since among the events preserved in his wondrous memory are the labours of Baron Taylor in obtaining for the French Government the Egyptian obelisks, although he took no part in his friend's expedition to the East. The reminiscences include a comparative survey of the respective origins of the Greek and French theatres, a dissertation on the *Cid* of Corneille, a comparison of the story of Phaedra as respectively dramatized by Euripides, Seneca, and Racine, a similar comparison between the *Oedipus* of Sophocles and the *Oedipe* of Voltaire, &c. &c. &c.; besides a number of papers to which the title of the book, in the limited sense we have indicated, more properly applies. Many of them were written years ago, and most probably were sent to the press as they came to hand, without much regard being paid to the general fitness of things.

If M. Dumas gave us something very good whenever he strayed from the path apparently indicated by the title of his book, we should not cavil at a mere misnomer. But, as it happens, the "souvenirs" which are not "souvenirs" are just those parts of the

* *Souvenirs Dramatiques*. By M. Alex. Dumas. Paris: M. Lévy frères. 1868.

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work from which nobody will care to seek profit or entertainment, if we except the very amusing account of Baron Taylor's mission to Egypt. When, for instance, we hear from M. Dumas that Plautus and Terence were mere imitators of Aristophanes and Menander, we do not greatly care to study his views concerning the relations of the Greeks to the Roman theatre. Neither, when we hear him describe the old Globe and Fortune as "auberges," do we feel inclined to ask him for light respecting the history of the Elizabethan theatres. We are bound, however, to confess that, while on the subject of Shakespeare, he produces a list of forgotten celebrities which is too choice a morsel to be cast aside unnoticed:—

Pendant cet espace de vingt ans, à l'exception de Marlowe, son prédeceur, de Ben Johnson, son émule, et de Sir William Davenant, son successeur, il (Shakespeare) absorba en lui toute la littérature de son époque. Qui connaît aujourd'hui Chapman, Marston, Rowley, Middleton, Webster, Heywood, Ford, Dekker, Shirley, Drayton, Phinicus, Fleher, Daniel Chettle, Browne, Davenport, Field, Peebles, Quarles, Vash, Lodge Sackville, Green, Gascoigne, Gager, Preston, Warwicks, Taylor? — et qui ne connaît pas Shakespeare?

The author and his printer have nobly co-operated in the production of this wonderful passage, with its sins of omission and commission, its mis-spelling, and its mis-punctuation. The combination of two men into one through the absence of a comma belongs perhaps to the printer alone; but the strange intermingling of poets who, though less celebrated than Shakespeare, are still famous, with others who have no reputation at all, and the startling elevation of Sir W. Davenant, are the author's own. The learning displayed in one place is as marvellous as the ignorance shown in another. Gager, for instance, was an Oxford notability who wrote three Latin plays, of which one was printed; but how, in the name of wonder, was his name found by M. Dumas?

When, however, M. Dumas really talks about his own experiences, he is quite a different man, his huge self-complacency being rendered not only tolerable, but agreeable, by his imperturbable good-humour. Even when he tells us that he can only work with pens, ink, and paper of a particular kind, that he could not write so much as his address with blue ink, and that he uses pens and paper of one sort for his plays and of another for his novels, we accept the information, trifling though it be, with becoming gratitude, inasmuch as it is a particular relating to a gentleman from whom we have derived much amusement, and one, moreover, which we are not likely to learn elsewhere.

The paper entitled "Mon Odysée à la Comédie Française," comprising the career of M. Dumas while working for that theatre, which represents the legitimate drama of France, is perhaps the most interesting and instructive of all, being a masterpiece of gossip, written in so true a spirit of comedy that we have a right to suspect that the conversations which are occasionally recorded have been touched up by the hand of the Odysseus. The first work which brought the prolific author into communication with the Théâtre Français was a tragedy, *Christine à Fontainebleau*, the plot of which relates to the murder of the Queen of Sweden's secretary, Monaldeschi, by the hand of his royal mistress. No one had previously dared to bring a miserable poltroon (*lâche*) upon the stage as a tragic lion, and M. Dumas congratulated himself on his bold invention when he exhibited Monaldeschi as a type of what is despicable in man. The actors did not seem particularly to admire the perfect scoundrel, and one of them, M. Lafon, was of opinion that the play would be greatly improved if some grand gentleman were introduced who in exalted language would explain to the Queen the impropriety of her conduct. Such a part M. Lafon coveted for himself, being the habitual actor of what were called "Chevaliers Français"—that is to say, of those towering declaimers of the old classical school, who were not necessarily French, but were supposed to represent the *beau idéal* of French chivalry, which might even be hid under the turban of a Turk. The refusal of the author to introduce so desirable a character alienated from him the goodwill of M. Lafon; and when his piece was at last put into rehearsal, he had a squabble with Madlle. Mars, who insisted on the omission of twenty lines which he insisted on retaining. The lines in question he reprints for the benefit of the reader, passing on them the modest judgment:—"On en a fait de meilleurs, mais on en a fait beaucoup de pires." The result of the controversy was that Madlle. Mars threw up her part, and the tragedy was taken to the Odéon, where the murderous Queen was represented by Madlle. Georges.

To the production of *Henri III*, the second piece brought by M. Dumas to the Théâtre Français, Madlle. Mars again proved an impediment, inasmuch as she objected to the appearance of Madlle. Louise Despréaux as the page, while the author, to oblige a friend to whom the young lady was pupil, refused to alter his cast. The objection, however, was surmounted, and the success of the play was great.

The next work was *Antony*, a play of which the name at least is more familiar than that of either of its predecessors. At first there was a general opinion that this audacious drama would be stopped by the Censor, but the Revolution of July was followed by a temporary suspension of the Censorship, and *Antony* was put into rehearsal. Again a difficulty on the part of the terrible Madlle. Mars. Her objection to Madlle. Despréaux is attributed to the natural repugnance of a faded beauty to stand in juxtaposition to a young and lovely girl. In the case of *Antony* the great artist disliked her part, and when the first performance had been announced as about to take place, after a lapse of a couple

of days she observed that it would be expedient to wait till an improvement was made in the lighting of the theatre, as she had invested a large sum in the purchase of four dresses, which she wished to display to the best advantage. The new light could not be completed in less than three months, and the desired delay would defer the production of the piece to a period of the year which would limit its run to three representations. Another difficulty arose with respect to the principal male character, and the author in a huff took *Antony* to the Porte Saint-Martin, where it was played by Madame Dorval and Bocage.

The history of the fourth play, *Caligula*, is comical enough. One day M. Anicet Bourgeois, the well-known dramatist, called upon M. Dumas to suggest a capital notion. Adolphe Franconi, the manager of the Cirque, was blessed with the possession of a performing horse, and the notion was to write a play on the subject of Caligula, in which the sagacious animal should play the immortal Consul. An accident to the horse led to an abandonment of the project, but the suggestion of M. Bourgeois had caused M. Dumas to study the history of Imperial Rome, and he was so wonderfully taken with the record of the wicked Emperor that he determined to write a play in which the horse-consul should be left out. He had been invited by the Duke of Orleans to stay with him at Compiègne, and wished to refuse the invitation on the score of the necessity which he felt to complete his great work. His excuses were not accepted, but he was allowed to reside in a private lodging, where, living at the modest rate of 300 francs a month, he brought *Caligula* to a close in about five weeks.

In the meanwhile he had had a little fight on the subject of *Antony*, which, as stated above, had been brought out at the Porte Saint-Martin. Requested by M. Thiers to give him a call, he complied with the request, and was asked why he preferred writing for the theatres of the boulevard to more honourable labour in the service of the Théâtre Français. His answer, which was a masterly financial statement, proved to the satisfaction of M. Thiers that the profits to be made on the boulevard nearly doubled those to be made in the Rue de Richelieu; nevertheless the Minister calculated, not without reason, on the *amour propre* of the author, and still urging him to return to the Théâtre Français, almost requested him to name his own terms. The production of the ill-used *Antony*, and the engagement of Madame Dorval, who had played in it at the Porte Saint-Martin, were the conditions of the obtuse man of genius, who was perfectly aware that the second stipulation would be most offensive to Madlle. Mars, and that he was therefore sowing new seeds of discord. The conditions were accepted, the play was again put into rehearsal; the morning arrived when its production was announced in the bills as the event of the evening, but at two o'clock in the afternoon a brief prohibition signed by M. Thiers put a sudden stop to proceedings. Twenty Deputies, it appears, had waited on the Minister, and had declared that, if *Antony* were played at the Théâtre Français, they would refuse to vote for the subvention to that establishment. M. Thiers had yielded to the pressure, but M. Dumas rose to the occasion, and brought an action against the Minister himself, who was condemned by the Tribunal of Commerce to pay 10,000 francs damages, for which he was indemnified by the Théâtre Français.

This little affair having been thus comfortably arranged, M. Dumas was again in friendly relations with the magnates of the Rue de Richelieu, and *Caligula* was accepted on terms highly advantageous to the author. But at the Théâtre Français the absence of all difficulty where M. Dumas was concerned seems to have been an impossibility. He had given up the horse-consul, but he still required horses to draw the Emperor's car, and the introduction of four-footed performers on the stage of the classic drama was resisted as a frightful innovation. M. Dumas was not the man to abandon his purpose without a struggle, and he delicately reminded the manager, M. Vedel, that when he went to law with the Théâtre Français he was rather a fortunate plaintiff. Referred to the Committee, the matter was compromised by the substitution of young women for horses, and the author wrote a "Chant des Heures" to be sung by the ladies who drew the car of the luxurious Emperor. A mouse was the offspring of so many mountains in labour. The tragedy achieved a dull success equivalent to failure.

The story of the fifth play, *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle*, of which so many English versions have been produced on the London stage, puts M. Dumas in a very favourable light as a man of sincere humour and singularly tenacious memory. One day M. Brunswick, another dramatist, called upon him with a vaudeville in two acts, which had just been rejected by the Porte Saint-Martin, but the leading idea of which might, in his opinion, be turned to some account. M. Dumas read the piece, and was of the same opinion as M. Brunswick, but rejected his proposition to discuss the subject immediately, by reminding him of the peculiarity of his own genius. When an idea pleases M. Dumas he does not like to divulge it at once, but he locks it up in his internal consciousness, allowing it to germinate in its head till by striking at the vault of the brain (*à la voûte du cerveau*) it indicates its desire for freedom. He could only promise to reflect on the subject proposed by M. Brunswick, and, on the production of the work, whenever that might be, to concede to him a third of the profits as the price of his idea. After a lapse of three years M. Brunswick reappeared to learn how far germination had proceeded, and the report he received convinced him that if M. Dumas would only put his shoulder to the wheel the required piece would be ready in a fortnight. But the idio-

synchrony of M. Dumas was not to be tampered with. He did not work, as he explained, after the fashion suggested by M. Brunswick; in fact, he did not make his pieces at all, but his pieces made themselves within him. As well ask a peach-tree how it bears and matures peaches as ask M. Dumas how he writes his own plays. Two more years elapsed, and M. Brunswick, tired of waiting for the maturity of the precious germ, sold his contingent third for 300 francs to one M. Charlier, who generously informed M. Dumas that he expected no more than the reimbursement of the purchase-money and two admissions to the theatre on the first night of performance. But M. Dumas was not to be outdone in generosity. He presented M. Charlier with a note which he was not to open till the morning following the first representation of the expected play, and which was neither more nor less than a draught upon his agent for 3,000 francs—ten times the amount of the purchase-money. In a fortnight the process of germination was complete, and the play was finished—in the head of M. Dumas, who felt himself justified in calling upon the Committee of the Théâtre Français, and astonishing them with the information that he was prepared to read to them on the following Saturday a comedy of which he had not as yet written a word. As they evidently suspected that he was promising an impossibility, he offered to read his work on the spot, without any manuscript at all; and, his offer being accepted, he proved as good as his word, for turning his back to the fireplace he recited *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle* from beginning to end amid repeated rounds of applause. His old adversary, Madlle. Mars, was on his side when preparations were made for the production of this piece. He had charmed her by insisting that she should play Gabrielle, while others recommended that the part of Madame de Prie should be awarded to her, as more suitable to her age. Altogether *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle* seems to have been the author's most brilliant success. The remaining two comprised in his "Odyssée" are *Un Mariage sous Louis XV*, *Les Demoiselles de Saint-Cyr*, and the little piece *Romulus*.

Several of the papers in the *Souvenirs* will be highly interesting to persons who take an interest in what may be called the politics of the drama. Like M. Victor Hugo, with whom he agrees on all questions affecting the theatre, he represents a period when the French public had begun to grow weary of the classic forms that had been held in reverence by their fathers, while, on the other hand, the rulers of the Théâtre Français showed a conservative dread of innovation. There was no serious obstacle to the performance of pieces of the new school at the houses on the boulevard, and some of the most successful plays of M. Dumas are those that find no record in his "Odyssée," which merely refers to his fortunes in the Rue de Richelieu. But both he and M. Victor Hugo wished to be considered not mere playwrights, but dramatists, and the reputation they craved was not to be obtained save at the Théâtre Français. Hence several projects were advanced for a reform in theatrical law, the system that found most favour in the eyes of the innovators being one of free-trade in theatres, qualified by the choice of a certain number as institutions worthy of the assistance of the Government. This system is very unlike that which has prevailed in London for nearly a quarter of a century, and which allows all theatrical managers licensed by the Lord Chamberlain to play whatever class of pieces they choose, without any support beyond that of public patronage. It is less unlike that which has prevailed for the last few years in Paris, where all restrictions of particular theatres to the performance of a particular class of drama have been abolished, but a few theatres still receive a subvention from the Government.

SEEKERS AFTER GOD.*

THE outside of Mr. Farrar's volume will attract the attention of many who will pause before they open its pages. It announces itself as a "Sunday Book." It bears the stamp of "The Sunday Library for Household Reading," and is the third volume of a series now in course of publication under that title. We may safely predict that a large class of ordinary readers will in consequence throw the book aside. The stamp will serve as the minor premise to a rapid syllogism, with "dull" for the predicate of its conclusion. This conclusion, we may as well say at once, would be a serious mistake. Whatever criticisms it may call for in style or detail, *Seekers after God* is a very interesting and valuable book. We did not read it on Sunday ourselves, because there appeared no sufficient reason why we should observe this very singular prescription. The medicinal virtues of certain herbs are—or were formerly—known to depend on the stage of the moon at the time of their being culled; and some condition of the sort, if we remember rightly, was necessary for the reading of the "Mighty Book" of Michael Scott. But this modern literary astrology is puzzling. Why does Mr. Farrar write a sensible book, and then put on the label that it is "to be taken on Sundays?" What conceivable difference can it make whether it is read on the first or on any later day of the week? It is possible, indeed, that our first impression of the meaning of this legend has been wrong, and that the stamp represents a kind of *imprimatur* or license answering to that of the London seven-day cabs, as distinguished from those which run only on six; so that we are to understand that Mr. Farrar's book may lawfully be read on Sundays, whereas other and unlicensed books may not.

* *Seekers after God*. By the Rev. F. W. Farrar M.A. F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1868.

This is, we venture to think, an attempt at retaining a tradition which is both useless and mischievous. The endeavour to lay down a hard and fast line for the mental and intellectual occupation of Sunday has never succeeded yet in England, and is still less likely to succeed in the future. Its results have often proved ludicrous, and still oftener pernicious. In one very pleasant household of our earlier remembrance, the effects were discoverable in the attainments of two highly-educated terriers. "We played with the dogs," one of the ladies has recently told us, "more on Sunday than on any other day, because that was one of the things we were allowed to do"; the heads of the family having, while strict in the matter of "Sunday books," availed themselves, not unwisely, of the principle, lately asserted in a very different school of thought, that whatever is not found formally prohibited in a code of laws may be taken as sanctioned. A very different result, it is to be feared, has been experienced in many households where the "Sunday-book" prohibitions have been enforced in the matters of reading and writing, but have necessarily been too narrow to embrace conversation, and where Sunday talking has consequently proved anything but edifying, even if it has not been mean and malicious, or still worse. It is certainly not by any such incomplete and partial *Index Expurgatorius* that the true value of the Lord's Day can be appreciated and taught; and the objection which we take to the stamp on Mr. Farrar's volume, and to everything of the same nature, may be expressed, with a very slight change of the application, in words with which Mr. Farrar has himself provided us from Robertson of Brighton: "An infinite being comes before us, with a whole eternity wrapped up in his mind and soul; and we proceed to classify him, put a label upon him, as we would upon a jar, saying, This is rice, that is jelly, and this pomatum; and then we think we have saved ourselves the necessity of taking off the cover." We can understand the distinction between good books and bad books; the distinction between Sunday books and Monday books we conceive to be merely irrational. The instinct of a cultivated and religious mind will discern for itself what is fitting at any time for mental, as for bodily, occupation; and the heads of a family ought especially to use this discernment in the united life of an English Sunday; but any attempt to substitute for such an intelligent discretion the mere patent machinery of a clockwork routine which chimes psalm-tunes on one day and comic songs the next, or which turns out a shelf of "Sunday books" one morning and of lively ones another—and which machinery is always getting out of order—is tolerably certain to end in complete and hopeless failure. Messrs. Macmillan have offered a remarkably attractive programme for the forthcoming numbers of their Sunday series. If they will but be good enough to take off the label, they may rely upon it that Mr. Maurice, "Tom Brown," Dr. Lightfoot, Professor Seeley, and the rest, will be just as agreeable and instructive, and a good deal more widely read.

Mr. Farrar's title is extremely well chosen. His "Seekers after God" are Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, of each of whom he has given a biography written in a clear and popular style. The Life of Seneca, which occupies half the volume, is naturally the fullest of matter of general interest, and will, if we mistake not, attract a large class of readers who could scarcely rise to the level of the lame Phrygian slave or of the gentle Emperor. A proof to this effect is actually before us as we write, in the form of a strongly political sermon preached a few Sundays ago in one of the largest Dissenting chapels near London, and reported verbatim in the principal local paper of the neighbourhood. The subject is the growth, at Ephesus, of unendowed and non-established Christianity, and we find ourselves in company with Mr. Farrar almost immediately on the mention of St. Paul. The consequence is, that the sermon goes on for several paragraphs with very vigorous thought and in a very pleasant style, till the preacher honestly acknowledges his indebtedness:—

The author of a recently published Life of Seneca, discussing the question whether Seneca was likely to have come in contact with the imprisoned Apostle of Christianity, says, "Seneca would have stood aghast at the very notion of his receiving the lessons, still more of his adopting the religion, of a poor, accused, and wandering Jew. The haughty, wealthy, elegant, prosperous, and powerful philosopher would have smiled at the notion that any future ages would suspect him of having borrowed any of his polished and epigrammatic lessons of philosophic morals or religion from one whom, if he heard of him, he would have regarded as a poor wretch, half fanatic and half barbarian."

We are disposed to join issue with Mr. Farrar upon the view which he has given us of St. Paul in his imprisonment, and to suspect his inferences to be as unsound as his logic is loose. At any rate we should like a little stronger proof than the following, before we can consent to associate the free-born Roman citizen, the accomplished writer and scholar, and, if we may be allowed the term, the refined gentleman, with the dismal purloin of a Roman Seven Dials or Petticoat Lane. In reference to St. Paul's "hired house," Mr. Farrar writes:—

This lodging was in all probability in that quarter of the city, opposite the island in the Tiber, which corresponds to the modern Trastevere. It was the resort of the very lowest and meanest of the populace—that promiscuous jumble of all nations which makes Tacitus call Rome at this time "the sewer of the universe." It was here especially that the Jews exercised some of the meanest trades in Rome, selling matches and old clothes, and broken glass, or begging and fortune-telling on the Cestian or Fabrician bridges. In one of these narrow, dark, and dirty streets, thronged by the dregs of the Roman populace, St. Mark and St. Peter had in all probability resided when they founded the little Christian Church at Rome. It was undoubtedly in the same despised locality that St. Paul, the prisoner who had been consigned to the care of Burrus, hired a room.—

We beg Mr. which "in become "un whether, "in the residence the same d have been s Farrar will the Sunday aliens by ra "was a stri all probabl he would be

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* *Kate Hurst &*

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We beg Mr. Farrar's pardon; but will he explain the process by which "in all probability" in the opening of this extract has become "undoubtedly" at its close? And will he also explain whether, "in all"—or, if not in all, in how much—"probability," the residence of, let us say, Herod Agrippa at Rome was "in the same despised locality" where the poorest of the Jews may have been selling matches and broken bottles? We presume Mr. Farrar will not dispute the statement of one of his colleagues in the *Sunday Library*—Mr. Westcott—that "the Herods, though aliens by race, were Jews in faith"; and that Agrippa especially "was a strict observer of the law," whence it would follow, "in all probability" at least, not to say "undoubtedly," that at Rome he would be regarded as a Jew.

But, all minute details of criticism apart, the Life of Seneca has a real and very substantial value in presenting, in a popular form, the period of New Testament history from its "profane" or secular side. The picture of Gallio, "the much misunderstood," Seneca's elder and favourite brother, and of Felix, the manumitted slave, in the places which they occupied, not in the Acts of the Apostles, but in the Roman Empire, will be perfectly new to the great majority of middle-class readers of the Bible, such as the members of the suburban Dissenting congregation already mentioned. So, too, will be the idea, well worked out in Mr. Farrar's pages, that among the "benighted heathen" of the Apostolic era later times have really been found many, and some very devout and eminent, "seekers after God." Many excellent people, it may be feared, will look on Mr. Farrar himself as sadly in the dark, and on his book, whether read on a Sunday or on a week-day, as very "unsound"; but even they may be expected to derive some benefit from reading it. It is marked by some faults of style which seem to be constitutional in the author, and by which most readers of *Epic*, except a few especially sedate young ladies, were rather provoked. Mr. Farrar appears to look on the public as a collection of good little boys, whom it is very pleasant to him to guide in the way they should go. He delights to condescend and to patronize, and his condescension is occasionally of a very goody sort. In the opening chapters of the life of Marcus Aurelius he is thoroughly in his element, and as he warms with his subject he breaks forth in the following characteristic strain:—

"His hardness and self-denial were perhaps still more remarkable. I wish that those boys of our day who think it undignified to travel second-class, who dress in the extreme of fashion, wear roses in their button-holes, and spend upon ices and strawberries what would maintain a poor man for a year, would learn how *infinitely more noble* was the abstinence of this young Roman, who, though born in the midst of splendour and luxury, learnt from the first to loathe the petty vice of gluttony and to despise the unmeaningness of self-indulgence."

"Marcus Aurelius was virtuous; therefore, at Harrow and in all the world there shall be no more toffy and ginger-beer." Such, we think, may be a tolerably fair rendering into the vernacular of the latter part of this eloquent aspiration. The "ices and strawberries" arithmetic is, we will make bold to remark, sheer nonsense; and the Harrow "use" which proscribes travelling first-class has about as much or as little to do with morals and meanness and the rest of it as the complementing rule which, unless we are mistaken, prevails at Rugby, declaring it *de fide* to travel second. Mr. Farrar, in order completely to deliver his soul, should have taken up his parable and testified against dress-cats in daylight. Or has he already prophesied against that idiotry, and caused it to cease out of Harrow? We wish that he would make a vigorous effort to escape from the groove of these pedantic mannerisms, which raise a smile at the expense of the writer of what is really, as we have said, in the main, an excellent and instructive book. Its concluding chapter, especially, is written with great beauty of language and force of thought; and the average readers of *Sunday* books will breathe a purer air, and learn to look on human life from a higher and nobler elevation, than the prevailing phrases of popular religion supply, when they can enter into the spirit of such a passage as the following, with which we will conclude our notice:—

If there be even in Epictetus some passing and occasional touch of Stoic arrogance and Stoic apathy; if there be in Marcus Aurelius a depth and intensity of sadness which shows how comparatively powerless for comfort was a philosophy which glorified suicide, which knew but little of immortality, and which lost in a vague Pantheism the unspeakable blessing of raising a personal relation to a personal God and Father—there is yet in both of them enough and more than enough to show that in all ages and in all countries they who have sought for God have found Him; that they have attained to high principles of thought and to high standards of action; that they have been enabled, even in the thick darkness, resolutely to place their feet at least on the lowest rounds of that ladder of sunbeams which winds up through the darkness to the great Father of Lights.

KATHLEEN.*

RAYMOND'S HEROINE was a good novel. *Kathleen* is a better; better in that it is a riper growth of the same powers which in *Raymond's Heroine* were far beyond budding-point. Eschewing the unnatural, drawing upon unusual faculties of observation, giving free scope to extraordinary insight into heart and character, the author has relied more than before upon a lively, simple portrayal of men and women as they are, and upon a gift of constructiveness wherein she outmatches most of her peers. A vein of rare humour runs through her whole story, passing over and anon the border-line between itself and irony; yet this irony is never

unkindly, never loses its closer affinity to humour than to sarcasm. If to the above-named gifts we add an equal power of description to that which made *Raymond's Heroine* stand before the reader as a bit of real life, and an unlaboured yet finished command of English composition, enough will have been said of *Kathleen* to induce a reader to wish to learn more of it, and it will become our duty to justify general praise by particularity of detail.

The story of *Kathleen* turns upon the generous ignorance of the world and of herself which impels an irregularly educated heiress at the watering-place of Stormmouth to be too effusive in her gratitude to a young "linendrapery bold" who, as she fancies, has saved her from a watery grave, but, as a farmer, who has known the Storm from his birth, avers, from three or four feet of water at the most, out of which "she might have scrambled by herself in no time." To requite this, Kathleen levels distinctions of rank, subjects her hero to the agonies of dining with herself and her aunt at 154 Marine Parade, and unconsciously feeds his innate vanity and vulgarity with hopes that raise him above himself and his home-circle. That circle consists of a small haberdasher, his wife, and daughter, with whom George Williams has lived from infancy in the harbour end of Stormmouth. These good kind souls had adopted him when left on their hands by a nameless female lodger, who sought shelter with them to die, within a few days, of brain fever. Their sole recompense for George's rearing had been the "luxury of doing good"; and when the story opens, things promise fairly for the union of George, a smart shopman at Messrs. Jenkinson's of Corinthian House, with Alice Williams, the angel if not the heroine of the story, a sweet maidenly character forming a perfect contrast to the ultra-impulsive Kathleen. But George's vanity and want of ballast prompt him to transfer his aspirations to the young heiress, and he is encouraged by her inability to distinguish betwixt romance and reality, hero-worship and woman's love. A mystery, too, depending on a fragmentary letter and a keepsake ring, attaches to George's birth. His belief that he is a paladin in obscurity infects the romantic fancy of Kathleen. As a reaction after a scolding from her guardians, she accepts the addresses of George, which are the more readily shifted from Alice because Alice lacks faith in his castles in the air. At this crisis he leaves Stormmouth to take a clerkship at Messrs. Rumneys', the South American house in King William Street, and goes to London, in purpose bent on working hard and improving his mind, in act forgetful too soon of the wise cautions of his humble friends at Stormmouth. The dulness of a City office, the difficulty of self-education, and natural weakness of character, combine to draw him into low company, and ere long he is in the hands of Jews and sharpers, who win from him on a country racecourse a sum which far exceeds his yearly salary, and which, in an evil moment, he is hurried into paying out of the money of his employers. Whilst he is seeking to avert the exposure which the lapse of a month must bring on him, Kathleen has been unravelling, by the help of "Burke" or "Walford," the mystery of her George's birth, has migrated to Ashcote with her aunt, and persuaded an octogenarian squire that she can produce to him the son of his long-lost child, the heir of all the Northingtons. There is a little demur on the part of the nephew and heir presumptive, who suspends his judgment touching the story of a marriage between his cousin Mortimer and a milliner's apprentice, and suggests that "intrinsically improbable assertions should be corroborated by the evidence of registers." It is agreed to advertise. George is communicated with, and eventually his fears of impending ruin are exchanged for the prospective realization of his driest hopes. A shabby-looking visitor turns up, after some delay, to answer the advertisement, and, on receiving his reward, gives a broad hint that the person most concerned in his information has not seen the last of him. Then comes the "welcome-home" of the heir, involving the discomfiture of poor Hugo, the nephew. In hopes of replacing the misappropriated money in time to avert discovery, George has promised his employer to be back at the office in a fortnight, and by that time has contrived to disenchant Kathleen by vulgarities which she had not noticed before, and rude rebuffs to the well-meant approaches of Hugo. The heroine suffers a revulsion of feeling, of which something more than pity for the last-named gentleman is an index. Yet all goes well with George, for the most part, till the fortnight nears its end. What happens when the fated day is actually at hand, how George is first plunged into, and then lifted out of, far more serious depths than the "Miller's pool," we must leave the reader to gather from the novel itself.

Summaries fail of doing justice to a skilful plot; and the plot of *Kathleen* is eminently skilful and well-woven. While its main lesson teaches that the most high-flown heiress "cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," or communicate refinement and good breeding to a half-educated shopman, there are undercurrents as it were of classification, which define the relative excellence of the foremost actors in the story. In real nobleness of spirit and substantial goodness Alice Williams stands far in advance of the rest of the group, which subserves, in the alloy of its motives and impulses, the exaltation of her lovely and loveable character. Hugo's drawback is a cynical tone, which the reader scarcely forgives on the score of his real generosity. Kathleen St. Quintin would be the soul of nobleness if she could; but, starting with false views of life, runs off at a tangent when there is a choice betwixt theory and practice, impulse and judgment, sentiment and sober sense. Yet she has the germ of fine qualities which we trust Hugo may develop,

* *Kathleen*. By the Author of "*Raymond's Heroine*." 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1869.

though we are not so sure that Alice, with all her self-sacrifice, will work a radical change in the conceited George. The characters that fill the background are equally well drawn. The guardian, Mr. Thorne, with "his stand-no-nonsense sort of look"; Mr. Rumney, "a very tall, very thin gentleman, with scanty iron-grey whiskers, altogether looking an incarnation of business-like gravity and asceticism"; sponging, self-seeking Sandy McPherson, the Scotch clerk, "always ahead of everybody in his information," who moved on to another stage, and left still hopelessly in the rear his disciples who fancied that they had come up with him; Barry Edmunds, the shabby-genteel sharper; Miss Thorne, Mr. Northington, and even the coachman who discourses to the ladies he is driving on the perils of "going anywhere by sea," are sketches which will strike every reader as lifelike. But our preference is for Mrs. Williams, a character so nicely delineated, and so consistent with experience, that she almost deserves to be taken out of this particular novel, and accommodated with wall-space in a gallery of representative characters:—

Those well acquainted with Mrs. Williams knew that she considered it her special office to be acrimonious and critical, perhaps from the necessity she felt of supplying the deficiencies of a husband with a more than usually easy-going disposition, perhaps from sheer redundancy of the vital energy and administrative power usually found in women of wiry active temperament such as hers. It was her way to be sharp, just as it was her husband's way to be lymphatic, and when once you were used to it, the one way was as little formidable as the other.

The few glimpses we have of her exhibit conduct in keeping with her character. Though a trifle acid in daily life, she knows how to bear the confused unburdenings of George's baseness with a semblance of unconcern and nonchalance, well-considered blows to his *amour propre*. But the way in which, the instant he is gone, she draws her daughter gently to her side, stands over her, smooths her hair, tells her the worst, and after a silent embrace turns away to hide her tears—"for she was a woman who was apt to be ashamed of her best points"—is so pretty, and withal so natural, that were she in the flesh we could kiss Mrs. Williams, even if she were more wiry than a Scotch terrier. Nor is she one whit less real when, having dried her eyes, "she relieves her feelings by a little abuse of the delinquent."

It is in George and Kathleen, however, that our author finds most scope for characteristic touches of humour and irony; especially in the former. The temptation was no doubt irresistible to picture him dining, first at 154 Marine Parade, where he uses "a steel knife to his fish," constantly drops his napkin, and hates the butler because he replaces the one and picks up the other; and, again, at Northington Park, where, despite his rise in life, he eats with his knife, can't talk and eat too, uses the word "dilettante" as a synonym for "dilatory," and calls the crimson and purple tints of evening "mauve" and "magenta." But quieter touches set his inner man before us—his compunction about Alice, which he stifles because he could not break his word with a young lady and an heiress as he had broken his word with Alice, and his attempts at mental improvement when "he sat down to a French grammar, with which he had provided himself before leaving home, and when he saw how difficult it looked, tried a Latin grammar for a change, and when he found that equally bad, went back to the French again." There is a grim kind of irony too in the description how, in cleverly trapping his unknown father, he unwittingly works out his own fall. Such traits and incidents show skill in mental analysis, as well as observation and resource. And so with the portrait of Kathleen. At the close of the first volume we leave her bending theatrically over old Mr. Northington, to whom she has revealed her mystery or mare's-nest, "with such a look as an angel of mercy and consolation might wear (and such indeed she felt herself to be)." Her ecstasies when, on the happy day which was to bring to Northington Park its heir, "she had nothing to envy any Miranda, Rosalind, or Perdita of them all," her glowing picture of George to his supposed grandfather, and the cooling down, after his arrival and on a nearer view, which she mistakes for "the soothing influence of the beloved one's presence," are a sample or two of the subdued humour which animates the writer of *Kathleen*, and invests her story with a charm worth twenty sensations. Of powerful description we may point to a striking instance in the chapter which tells of George's fit and fever, and the hallucinations of his delirium. "The Valley of the Shadow of Death" is written with the same wonderful force which worked out so graphically "Walter Lee's Dream" in *Raymond's Heroine*. But more peaceful visions haunt George's bedside after a while. Kathleen reaches his chamber in time to hear him in the wane of his delirium, babbling, not of the green slopes at Northington, but of Stornmouth's beautiful sea—not of her, his whilome heroine of romance, but of the true angel of mercy, the Alice who is smoothing his pillow. The scene where, in right mind again, he recognises his first love, confesses his shame, and can scarce credit her goodness, is also inexpressibly touching. Yet this command of tenderness and pathos is perhaps not more remarkable than the appreciation shown in the story of *Kathleen* for natural beauties, for the sweet and varied English landscape. There is a very pretty description of the summer scene where Hugo and Kathleen tell their mutual love, in the last chapter of the book, and we have several graceful photographs of still life amidst the oaks and elms of Northington Park. One passage, however, with which we will conclude, has struck us as particularly natural—that which describes Hugo's lack of interest in nature around him after the

downfall of his hopes. A famous living preacher somewhere says, that "even nature in her sweetest influences cannot sing welcome songs to a sad heart." Our author unconsciously expands this thought:—

Everything appeared so much less companionable, so much less demonstrative than of yore, so much more contained in a selfish life of its own. Even the little stream which pursued its noisy downward way through the park, and the sparkling course of which he had just reached, seemed no longer as formerly to be leaping and tumbling and dancing and prattling in an exuberant sympathy with nature, but simply struggling forward in blind greedy haste, intent only on its own business of getting on.

THE IRISH BEFORE THE CONQUEST.*

IN spite of all that has been written on the nature of human testimony and the necessity of applying the same canon of evidence to all narratives of alleged facts, we cannot shut our eyes to the contrast between the traditional history of one nation and that of others with which it may be not remotely connected. If Mr. Grote somewhat overshoots the mark when he says that with the return of the Herakleids we pass, as at the wave of a magician's wand, from legendary to historical Greece, it can scarcely be doubted that the traditions of some branches of the Aryan race mingle mythical with historical elements down to a very late stage in the national existence. This seems to be especially the case with the traditions of Ireland. Few persons probably will call in question the historical existence of St. Patrick, none will treat as doubtful that of St. Columba. But almost every single feature in the traditional narratives of their lives will at the least show the need of a careful sifting of each story, and justify caution in admitting any given statement as fact merely because it does not seem unlikely. This caution is especially needed in examining national legends which exhibit largely the elements of plausible fiction, or which, in other words, are not unfrequently dull and prosy. It is not easy to convince ourselves that mere lists of public officers, priests, conquerors in games, and other personages may be either wholly or in part fictitious. The language of our own Acts of Parliament is so hard and real that we are not willing to look on certain alleged instances of legislation, of which the language is quite as precise and prosaic, as mere romance. Hence the lists of Athenian Archons and the Servian constitution of classes and centuries have received credit from many who cannot swallow the contradictions even of the later legends of Virginia and the Decemvirs. This air of meagre reality, which Defoe turned to such excellent account, characterizes much of the national Irish traditions. Not a few of their kings leave behind them records which may be summed up almost as briefly as those of the antediluvian patriarchs. They are born, they marry, and they slay or are slain. In many instances, also, their affinities are so complicated, and their deeds and the results of their acts are so insignificant, that we are tempted to think that anything which furnishes such dry reading must be true. The temptation is all the stronger when we remember that many of these statements cannot be disproved, and few persons stop to think that very clear evidence is needed even for probabilities when they occur in a narrative which abounds with stories that are dismissed on all hands as fanciful or mythical.

Mythical incidents or features are indeed so mixed up in Irish legend with what may be fairly regarded as history, that Mr. Ferguson has judged wisely in not making a division between legendary and historical Ireland. There is here no such boundary-line as the return of the Herakleids, before which all is fable and after which all is reality. But Mr. Ferguson seems to have concluded somewhat hastily that, because this is the case, statements may be regarded as substantially true unless they involve some glaring contradiction or improbability. This may seem to be of little consequence when he infers, for instance, that the tradition of King Cormac's burial must be very ancient, because "it is historically certain that Cormac's lineal descendant, St. Columba, in the sixth century, erected a Christian cell at Rossnaree." Whatever uncertainty there may be about the affinity of Cormac and Columba, the latter was undoubtedly the founder of many cells; but we have no guarantee that the local traditions about him have in every case an historical foundation, and to reason from the alleged belief of Columba to a previous fact in Irish annals is a little like attributing an historical character to the acts of the Assyrian Iva-lush on the authority of Sennacherib. These, however, are but small matters. It is a more serious thing to be told that St. Brandan really made his traditional voyage; that, "caught probably in the current of the Gulf Stream, he reached the distant land, it may be the New England shore"; and that he "continued his journey inland till he came to a great river flowing east and west, perhaps the river Ohio." Clearly these are conjectures which no one has a right even to hazard, unless he believes that the story has at least some foundation in fact; and it is not to be supposed that Mr. Ferguson would have hazarded them if he did not so far trust the story. St. Brandan's coracle of hides crossing the Atlantic would certainly be a more wonderful sight than the small ships which carried Columbus and his companions from Spain, or the boats of fifteen and twenty tons burden which, by way of showing what may be done, have made the voyage from Liverpool to Sydney; but its transportation from Europe to America by the Gulf

* *The Story of the Irish before the Conquest. From the Mythical Period to the Invasion under Strongbow.* By M. C. Ferguson. London: Bell & Daldy. 1868.

Stream, which in the ordinary course of things would have been more likely to bring some ancestor of Caonabo and Anacaona to the shores of Ireland, must have been effected by a merciful intervention of its current for which St. Brandan could not have been sufficiently thankful.

Still the tradition of St. Brandan is admitted to be "highly poetical," and Mr. Ferguson feels more confidence when he turns to the very real, very energetic, and active life of the greatest of our Irish saints after Patrick." But, real as may be the existence of Columba-Kille, the story of his life, regarded as a whole, is an exceedingly beautiful poem, and, in its colouring and chief details, assuredly nothing more. Probably Mr. Ferguson had drawn up his narrative before M. de Montalembert published his charming pages on the early Irish and Scottish saints; and readers who may wish to get the greatest enjoyment from one of the most simple and touching of Christian legends will probably prefer to read the story as it is given by the historian of the Monks of the West. Mr. Ferguson's less brilliant chapters might, however, have been more valuable if he had seriously attempted to grapple with the many difficulties connected with the life of this favourite Irish saint. As it is, he has not carried very far that process of unlearning much of our old beliefs which in the treatment of the early history of nations Mr. Burton pronounces to be both inevitable and wholesome. If he makes mention of the Easter controversy, it is not in order to account for the existence of an elaborate ecclesiastical organization which seems to have been completely independent of the centre of Western unity. Nor has he travelled at all in the direction to which this system, so far as it is known to us, seems to point. We hear something about saints of the first order who, because they were not afraid of the assaults of temptation, allowed the society of women in their monasteries, and about saints of the second order who dispensed with it; but no attempt is made to determine whether the early notion of monachism involved that of celibacy, or, if there was a change, when the change took place, or whether (a much more serious question) the accounts which have reached us about the system have not been modified by historians who lived under a much more developed if not a different order of things, and who were trained to regard everything from a point of view of their own. The subject of episcopacy in the palmy days of the Irish Church is passed over with the bare remark that the Irish had "few Bishops among them—only such as were needed for the laying on of hands," and with little consciousness seemingly of the momentous conclusions which may underlie this fact, if it be a fact. Of the clannish character of the monasteries the reader will learn more from the pages of M. de Montalembert, while he will have to go to Mr. Burton for a more careful appreciation of traditions which represent the influence of a saint as universal, and then, as soon as he has gone, speak of the whole land as filled with violence and bloodshed. It is not going too far to say that we have much to learn about these vagrant saints of the genuine Scotland, who not only carried their religion to the land which has usurped their name, but planted their standards at Luxeuil and Bobbio.

But, in a general view of Irish tradition, the chief questions will concern its interest and its beauty. Has it any of the charm which characterises in greater or less degree almost every Greek myth, whether it has come down to us in epic poems or in the works of great tragedians, or only in the pages of dry and unpoetical mythographers? What value have Irish legends as furnishing points of comparison with the myths of India, Persia, Scandinavia, and Germany? What light do they throw on any portion of the history of the human mind? The answer, we fear, must be one not very favourable to a wide and general study of these legends. Comparative mythologists will examine them attentively; the few enthusiasts in Irish literature may be delighted with them; but readers who belong to neither of these classes will probably content themselves with the results obtained by the former, and will not put themselves to much trouble to enjoy the almost incomprehensible pleasures of the latter. To speak plainly, the traditions of Ireland labour under a double disadvantage. The names which occur in them are almost unpronounceable, and the incidents are commonly those of a Homeric battle. The former of these two difficulties has been felt in full force by Mr. Ferguson. He has therefore "endeavoured to present the names of persons in a guise as little repellent as possible to the eye of the English reader"; but we cannot quite follow his explanation that the ugliness of the names is owing to the conditions of a primitive language, in which the speakers sought to give increased consideration "to all that they uttered by magnifying the forms of expression." The remark, whatever it may mean, does not apply to the Hellenic myths, and scarcely to the Teutonic, the Vedic, or the Persian. Phoibos Akersekomos and Aphrodite Andromene, Helios Hyperion, and Endymion, are sufficiently large words, but they are as beautiful as they are significant. It certainly needs some power of concentration to read as attentively as doubtless they should be read the remarks on the "important reigns of Con, of his son Art, and his grandson Cormac," more especially when we find that we must first master the following introduction:—

Flemy Rectmar left three sons. Con succeeded him as Ard Righ, or supreme monarch. Eochy Finn settled in Leinster, and received in fosterage Laeisech, a great-grandson of Conall Carnach, whom he educated. This young prince inherited the martial ardour of his great ancestor, and ably commanded the united armies of his foster-father and Cu Corb, the Leinster king, in a campaign against the Munstermen, who were expelled from the territory of Leinster. The grateful king bestowed on his allies

some of the reposessed districts: Eochy Finn got a grant of the Seven Fotharts of Leinster, to him and his posterity for ever. The families of O'Nolan and O'Lorcain, now Larkin, are his representatives. Laeisech received as his guerdon that of the Queen's County, which was named, from him, the territory of Leix. The chieftain sept thus established took at a later period the name of O'More, from Mordha "the Majestic," the twenty-eighth in descent from Conall Carnach."

When this kind of narrative is extended through page after page, the reader may be forgiven if he feels much as if he were being filled with the east wind, and if he thinks that Irish traditions are very much like the Irish people—sometimes lively, sometimes pathetic, more often fierce, but, on the whole, tiresome. It must not, however, be supposed that these traditions are like a well which holds no water, or a mine which will only waste the strength and resources of those who may dig in it. As long as we look for history in migrations of Milesians and Tuath-de-Danaans, we struggle through the veriest quagmire. The tales are certainly, as Mr. Ferguson admits, "not so old as the events which they purport to relate," and the events themselves belong to the time-honoured history of the great city of Nephelokokkygia. We may, therefore, lightly pass by "the history of the Celts of Ireland," at the time "when Sanskrit ceased to be a spoken language" (p. 18), nor need we pause to determine whether Macpherson places Cuchullin "more than two centuries later than the period at which he really lived" (p. 58). Life is scarcely long enough for calculations which are to fix the day on which the Giant-killer planted his celebrated bean. But when we get away from these barren fables, the Irish myths certainly furnish some nutritious food. Whether the legend of Nuad of the Silver Hand be the same as that of Indra Sarvitar, it might be rash to affirm; but there are other myths the resemblance of which to Greek or other stories Mr. Ferguson has himself noticed. The myth of Midas reappears in that of Lavra Loingsech, whose barber found out that he had horse's ears, and whispered the secret to a willow. The willow was cut down, and the harp which was made of the wood murmured, "Lavra Loingsech has a horse's ears." In the Seven Manes of Leinster we have another version of the Seven Kirikshas of Vedic mythology, the Seven Wise Men of Hellas, and the Seven Champions of Christendom. Some of the stories told of Cuchullin and Ferdia are told also of Herakles and Iamos, of Phaethon and Patroklos. That they are as attractive in their Celtic as in their Hellenic dress we are no more prepared to maintain than we are to deny that "the blood of the grandson of Con of the hundred battles flows in the veins of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria." Unfortunately, we do not know much of these worthy men, nor have we sufficient skill or confidence to enter on the inquiry whether a man whose story resembles that of Adonis is or is not "altogether a fabulous character" (p. 109). It is a hard thing to fill the sieve of the Danaides with water.

A CENTURY OF BIRMINGHAM LIFE.*

MR. LANGFORD has completed the second part of his self-imposed labour of love by bringing down his chronicle of Birmingham from 1791 to 1841. And we are glad to observe that he proposes at some future time to continue it to the present day, not by reproducing and piecing together extracts from old newspapers, but by giving the narrative in a consecutive and more compressed form. Such a work will undoubtedly be pleasanter reading than the two bulky volumes hitherto published. But we think, nevertheless, that the plan adopted was the right one for dealing with the earlier period, and Mr. Langford has exercised a wise discretion in the selection and use of his materials. The exceptional longevity of *Ariss's Birmingham Gazette* offered peculiar facilities for the purpose; but other large towns must possess at least a succession of local journals from which their annals might be similarly compiled, and we may hope that some loyal citizen will be found in them also to copy the example set in the case of Birmingham. Liverpool, for instance, though its population considerably exceeds that of Birmingham, has had an even more rapid rise. A century ago it was little more than a village, and it is still, by a strange fiction of law, one parish. The history of its rise and growth till it became the third largest city of England ought to be to the full as interesting as the local records of Birmingham, though it did not take so prominent a part in the political struggles which give a marked character to the recent annals of the latter city. It is here that the main interest of Mr. Langford's new volume will lie for the general reader. He takes up the thread of his narrative where he left it at the close of the former volume, when the Priestley riots were just over. The consequences of the riots long survived in the somewhat tyrannous predominance of the "Church and King" party, which, as he justly remarks, seriously disturbed the equilibrium which is necessary in a country like England, and especially in the life of towns, for the progress and well-being of the people. For a long time it was treason of the worst kind to hint at any want of wisdom or discretion in "the heaven-born Minister, Pitt," or to suggest the slightest shortcoming in "the Father of his people, George III." The King's birthday was always celebrated with the most elaborate demonstrations of loyalty, and when he was shot at in Drury Lane Theatre, in 1800, the popular enthusiasm knew no bounds. Before that time a Church and King Club had been formed, amidst the first alarms of the French Revolution, to help in putting down

* *A Century of Birmingham Life; or, a Chronicle of Local Events, from 1791 to 1841.* Compiled and Edited by J. A. Langford. Vol. II. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1863.

[November 28, 1868.]

"all attempts of the Republicans and Levellers," and Mr. Morfitt, a zealous Royalist, wrote the following lofty effusion for the Loyal True Blues:—

This beauteous scheme of things
Shall *Panic*, sworn foe to *Kings*,
By scribbling shake!
Shall low-bred villainy,
Brawling equality,
Plunder your property?
Britons awake!

In 1807 an address was presented to His Majesty from the inhabitants of Birmingham, declaring their "firm determination to support him in the just and undiminished exercise of his prerogative," which he had just exercised in the dismissal of Lord Howick for introducing a Bill to enable Roman Catholics to hold commissions in the army and navy. Yet the Roman Catholics, who naturally shared the general horror at the excesses of the French regicides, had not been backward in proclaiming their loyalty. In 1792 they held a meeting to express their entire agreement with "the loyal sentiments and declarations made by the Establishment and other assemblies," and received the public thanks of their fellow-townsmen for their conduct. The burdens of the war, however, were felt at Birmingham as elsewhere, and the announcement of the signing of the preliminaries of peace, in October 1801, was received with "delirious joy"—doomed, however, to be very short-lived, for in less than two years war had again been proclaimed, when the ladies of Birmingham honourably distinguished themselves by working "3,600 waistcoats, 1,800 pairs of drawers, and 1,800 flannel caps" for the Volunteers. The King had intended to visit Birmingham to lay the foundation stone of a new church, but the design was interrupted by his illness, and Lord Dartmouth was commissioned to represent him. Lord Nelson did visit the town in 1802, and met with an enthusiastic reception; the first statue erected in the town was to him.

Two remarkable persons, both more or less connected with Birmingham, died within about ten years of each other during this period of its history—Dr. Priestley, and Lord George Gordon. The latter was arrested there, for a libel on the late Queen of France, in 1787, at the house of a Jewess with whom he had been lodging for some months, having himself previously embraced the Jewish faith in Holland. He died in Newgate in 1793. Dr. Priestley died at Northumberland, Pennsylvania, in 1804. Thirty years later the centenary of his birth was celebrated by a public dinner, at the Royal Hotel, Birmingham, to make tardy amends for his ill-treatment when residing there. A matter of greater national interest took place in 1792, in the substitution of barracks for the billeting system, and the next year in the establishment of the first penny post, "for letters and packets not exceeding four ounces in weight," in the town and its suburbs. In 1837 a still more important event occurred in the opening of the Grand Junction Railway between Birmingham and Manchester. We still find attempts made to secure a protective support for special Birmingham manufactures through the countenance of Royalty. In 1791 the buckle-manufacturers petitioned the Prince of Wales to use his influence against the irrepressible shoe-string, and His Royal Highness gave orders to all the members of his household in accordance with their request. One passage of the petition is too characteristic not to deserve being put on record:—

We beg leave to observe, that when Fashion, instead of foreign or unprofitable ornaments, wears and consumes the Manufactures of this Country, she puts on a more engaging form and becomes Patriotism. When Taste, at the same time and by the same means that she decorates the Persons of the Rich, cloths and feeds the naked and hungry Poor, she deserves a worthier appellation, and may be styled Humanity. We make no doubt but your Royal Highness will prefer the blessings of the Starving Manufacturer to the encomiums of the Drawing Room.

We know it is to no purpose to address Fashion herself; she is void of feeling and deaf to argument; but fortunately she is subject to your control: She has been accustomed to listen to your voice and obey your commands.

Forty years afterwards we find the button-makers of the town appealing to William IV. to use his influence to induce the great personages of the State to wear plain metal buttons; and as late as 1840 a deputation of button-makers waited on Prince Albert with a similar request, but had to content themselves with the rather vague assurance that His Royal Highness was "deeply interested in the welfare of all classes of Her Majesty's subjects."

Notwithstanding these desperate endeavours to have their own industry protected, we find the good citizens of Birmingham passing unanimous resolutions in favour of free-trade, at a public meeting as far back as 1826. By that time the political tide had begun to turn, and the town shortly afterwards became the centre of an organized agitation for Reform, which seems, indeed, to have immediately determined the issue of the struggle. Even Catholic priests and grave Quakers enrolled themselves on the books of the Political Union, in order, as they said, to preserve the peace. One priest, the Rev. T. M'Donnell, was a prominent leader of the agitation. And after the Reform Bill was passed Birmingham was disgraced by some of the most destructive of the Chartist riots. A petition in favour of the "six points" was signed by no less than 94,643 persons. The Roman Catholics, of course, had their own grievances to complain of. In 1824 the "Midland Catholic Association" was formed, at a meeting presided over by Mr. Edward Blount, on the basis of "the right which every man possesses of worshipping God according to the dictates of his own conscience, without being subjected on that account to any civil pains, penalties, or disabilities what-

ever." Public opinion in the town was divided on the subject, and petitions were presented both for and against the Catholic Emancipation Bill. There was a strong Protestant feeling among the inhabitants, which was not likely to be calmed by the strange device, as it now appears to us, of public theological discussions between champions of the rival creeds. An account of one such discussion, held in a Dissenting chapel, is worth quoting as a curiosity from the local journals of the day:—

August 13, 1827.—Public Discussion.—On Tuesday morning the Rev. J. Burnet and the Rev. T. M. M'Donnell met, according to arrangement, in Mount Zion Chapel, and about eleven o'clock entered upon the discussion announced in our last publication. Richard Spooner, Esq., of this town, and Eneas M'Donnell, Esq., of London, presided, the former as the Protestant and the latter as the Catholic Chairman. Half an hour at a time was allotted to each speaker, which was closely observed. The attendance was numerous, and the proceedings commenced by Mr. Spooner reading the Regulations which were to govern the meeting, when the Rev. T. Burnet called upon the Rev. T. M. M'Donnell to state the Catholic Rule of Faith; he was replied to by Mr. B., and an animated debate ensued. Soon after two o'clock Mr. Spooner dismissed the meeting. On Wednesday morning at eleven o'clock the disputants took their station on the platform, and the proceedings commenced by Mr. E. M'Donnell reading the regulations, when Mr. M'Donnell called upon Mr. Burnet to define the Protestant Rule of Faith, to which Mr. M'Donnell replied, and the discussion was conducted as on the preceding day. We purposely abstain from any reference to the arguments. It was previously arranged that no outward expression of approbation should be allowed, and though more than once on each day there was an indication of the kind, it was checked and suppressed by the vigilance of the chair. After the termination of the discussion, thanks were given to the chairmen, and Mr. Eneas M'Donnell rose to acknowledge the compliment. In doing this, he stated that, experienced as he was in public meetings, he had never witnessed one conducted in a way more honourable to the parties opposed to each other, or to an auditory. Mr. Eneas M'D. then proceeded to request of the meeting, that in reference to the resolutions of the society in which the discussion had originated, he might be allowed to meet them in that place on the following day, in order to correct what he deemed to be erroneous impressions, with respect to the education necessary for the Irish population; but the majority of the committee of the society, which reference was made being absent at the time, Mr. Spooner pointed out the impracticability of such a proceeding emanating from that meeting, at the same time recommended that any proposal of the kind should be made in a formal manner, and in the proper quarter. This unexpected proposal threw the meeting into confusion for some time. The discussion was commenced without the nomination of an umpire by the chairman. The sum raised from tickets of admission amounts, we find, to upwards of £200, which, after defraying the expenses, is to be applied to two of our public institutions.

The experiment was repeated three years later in the Methodist Chapel, Cherry Street, when it ended in a scene of angry confusion. Indeed the people were not very tolerant of any marked divergence from the established faith. Tom Paine was burnt in effigy in 1793, and an attempt was made to destroy the Swedenborgian Chapel, the first place of worship of that strange sect in England. In 1809, however, when the Swedenborgians removed to another chapel vacated by the Baptists, they solemnized the occasion by a series of elaborate services, at which "a grand selection of sacred music, from the works of Handel and others, was performed."

As early as 1792 the philanthropists of Birmingham were exerting themselves to put down the barbarous custom of bull-baiting and cock-fighting, but, like other evil customs, it died hard. The doom of "cocking," as it was called, was accelerated by an atrocious "wager of a gentleman, near Shrewsbury, that his breed of cocks would fight though set on fire." The bet was accepted, the cock's feathers were covered with turpentine and ignited, and it fought and killed its adversary while roasting alive. In 1818 Birmingham joined its voice to that of other towns in calling on the Legislature to protect "the climbing boys," by prohibiting the employment of young children in the sweeping of chimneys, an odious and cruel practice then in vogue. In our review of Mr. Langford's former volume we quoted an account of the public sale of a wife by auction by a citizen of Birmingham. A milder and less obsolete form of eccentricity in matrimonial matters is exemplified in the advertisement given here of "a respectable tradesman, thirty years of age, with a good income, in want of a wife." She must not exceed twenty, and eighteen would be preferred. He adds that "his object being to marry one of pure heart and unaffected manners, the less intercourse she has had with the seniors of her own sex the better," and that no lady residing in or near Birmingham need apply, "the advertiser having seen them all." Mr. Langford tells us a good deal about the Birmingham theatre. The most noticeable event in its annals was the *début* there, in 1804, of "the young Roscius," a boy of twelve years old, whose appearance and acting seem to have created quite a frenzy of enthusiasm. Charles Pemberton, then a mere lad, but who afterwards became famous himself as an actor, describes the youthful prodigy as "a young and beautiful stripling, a juvenile deity, a boy-god," and the general voice re-echoed his praise. We conclude with an extract from Mr. Bisset's "Rambles of the Gods through Birmingham," describing the appearance of the town in 1800. The closing lines will come home with cruel distinctness to the frequenters of German towns in our own day:—

Of Public Places for Amusement, we
Can boast of little more than Two or Three;
Of Libraries rare, we number two,
One called the Old, the other styl'd the New.
We've Mails and Coaches, Hourly setting out
For every Town and County round about,
And safe conveyance have to every part,
For East, West, North and South, they daily start.
Of handsome Hackney Coaches we've our share,
But yet no act to regulate their fare;

Of course the Coachmen charge whate'er they please,
Tho' few are found extorting extra fees ;
You'll find them steady fellows, and quite willing
To drive you several streets' length for a shilling ;
Two Shillings to Vauxhall's their usual fare,
Or Eighteen-pence the Crescent or the Square;
But those who visit Houndsdorff or Soho,
Had better make a bargain, ere they go.

* * * * *

Our Streets are spacious, Buildings neat and clean,
As in a Trading Town were ever seen ;
And Fifteen Thousand Houses here you'll find,
With thrice Ten Thousand Shops arrang'd behind.

The Streets are pav'd, 'tis true, but all the stones
Are set the wrong way up, in shape of cones,
And Strangers limp along the best pav'd street,
As if parch'd peas were strew'd beneath their feet ;
Whilst custom makes the Natives scarcely feel
Sharp-pointed pebbles press the toe or heel.

THE YOUNG OFFICER'S COMPANION.*

THIS little book is intended to combat the opinion that the military profession, except in its scientific branches, offers to those who embrace it only a life of pleasure and idleness. There is, says the writer, no employment which requires more strength of mind as well as of body, or that calls for greater self-denial, closer application, more ready obedience, or a more rigid attention to general conduct. The design of the book seems to be to supply in each chapter a precept for the guidance of young officers, and some examples of its application. The design is better than the execution, for the greater part of the book consists of familiar stories told in no very striking way. The work has, however, the merit of being compact, so that it may be carried anywhere. A soldier in a remote station will read anything, and such a book as this cannot do harm and may do good.

The commonplaces of a century ago are growing obsolete, and perhaps the quotations of this author from Steele and Sterne are as much like novelties as anything in the book. There must be many young officers in the army who have not read Sergeant Hall's letter to Sergeant Cabe "in the Coldstream Regiment of Footguards at the Red Lettuce in Butcher Row Temple Bar." The letter is dated "From the Camp before Mons, September 26, 1709," and it describes in simple soldier's language the battle of Malplaquet, or rather the various fates of the writer's comrades on that bloody day. The issue of the fight is not indicated in the body of the letter, but there is a characteristic postscript:—"We had but an indifferent breakfast, but the Mousseers never had such a dinner in all their lives." The letter is admirably epitomized by Steele as follows:—

What Sergeant Hall knows of the matter is that he wishes there had not been so many killed, and he had himself a very bad shot in the head, and should recover if it so pleased God.

Steele truly said that he knew very well this part of mankind, and perhaps no more truthful or pleasing picture was ever drawn of the English soldier than this which he has drawn in his comment on Sergeant Cabe's letter:—"The picture of the bravest sort of man, that is to say, a man of great courage but small hopes." He thinks that the gallantry of the soldier proceeds from the same impulse as that of the officer:—

They have the same desire of being acceptable to their friends, and go through the difficulties of the profession by the same irresistible charm of fellowship, and the communication of joys and sorrows which quickens the mind of pleasure and abates the anguish of pain.

The author, or compiler, deserves credit for placing before young officers this excellent prescription for making the rough places of military duty smooth. He gives another admirable example of the same style in Steele's well-known description of a prize-fight with swords at Hockley-in-the-Hole, between James Miller, sergeant, late come from the frontiers of Portugal, and Timothy Buck of Clare Market, master of the noble science of defence. It may be remembered that Buck announced his readiness to meet Miller, "hearing he did fight Mr. Parkes of Coventry." This Mr. Parkes lies buried in the churchyard of Coventry, and it is stated on his tombstone that he was a man of mild disposition, a gladiator by profession, who had fought 350 battles. The author thinks it scarcely credible that prize-fights with swords should have been an amusement of Londoners so lately as in the reign of Queen Anne, but he seems to make this remark merely by way of introduction to Steele's account "of one of these barbarous combats," which he purposes to transcribe. It is a pity that the task undertaken by this author did not fall into hands more competent to perform it. The chapter on Duelling is only redeemed from dulness by the aid of Steele. There is, however, a tolerably good story of a young ensign, who was told that he must establish his character for bravery by challenging some officer of formidable reputation, and was recommended to Colonel Guise. On explaining to the Colonel the necessity under which he supposed himself to be placed, Colonel Guise answered, that those who had mentioned his name had done him too much honour; but he added, pointing to a fierce-looking dark personage, "there is a gentleman who has killed half a regiment." The young officer, on expressing his desire to fight with the gentleman thus indicated, was answered that he was the staff apothecary. The custom long prevailed of seconds, as well as

principals, engaging. And if it happened that one side was more numerous than the other, it was usual to invite strangers to make the party complete. A messenger would be sent to request the first gentleman he might meet to hasten and take part in a combat of honour; and no gentleman could refuse, for he might himself want the same assistance at another time. In the French army the officers of certain regiments, from some antiquated dispute, were held bound in honour to fight whenever they met. This absurd notion caused a duel between two schoolfellows and friends, which ended in the death of one and the banishment of the other of them.

The Duke of Berwick, who was a French marshal, did not forget that he was an Englishman. When he commanded in the Succession War in Spain, one of his Spanish officers surprised an English regiment and killed or took all the men belonging to it. When the news of this exploit was brought to the Duke he turned pale, and when the colours of the beaten regiment were brought before him, he would not look at them. The Duke of Berwick had served in twenty-nine campaigns, in fifteen of which he had commanded armies. Yet, as a general officer, he had witnessed only six battles, and he had commanded in chief at only one—namely, Almanza. It is surprising, says his biographer, to find so few battles in so many campaigns where he had been in command; but he himself accounts for this circumstance by expressing his opinion that a general ought never to give battle if it can possibly be avoided, because the result must always be uncertain, and it would be imprudent to risk the success of a campaign, of a war, and often even the fate of a State, when by skilful dispositions and able manoeuvres his object can be accomplished without this hazard. The author has collected a number of anecdotes about Turenne and Condé, but they are not new, nor does he tell them in a new way. He gives an interesting account of Condé's difficulties in acting with the Spaniards. He could not, with all his energy and vivacity, inspire the Spanish generals with any degree of vigour, nor accelerate their tardy movements. An attack on any place by night was entirely out of the question. They would only march during the most pleasant part of the day. They required in the afternoon a long *siesta*, and, whatever the emergency, none of their domestics could venture to disturb them, nor durst any inferior officer act without their express commands. Turenne, who commanded against them, described this practice to the Duke of York, afterwards King James II., who was serving under him. He pointed out the spot where he would make his attack upon the Spanish lines, and predicted how they would receive it. For a long time they would suppose that Turenne only meant to give a false alarm, but when they at length found he was in earnest, they would send for the Count of Fuensaldagna, who at that time of the day would be asleep, and his servants would not be persuaded to awaken him in a moment. And when he was at length aroused, he would take a look at the lines, and then repair to the tent of the Archduke, who would be likewise at his *siesta*, and when he was awake they would consult what was to be done, by which time Turenne would have done. Turenne did attack and enter the lines accordingly.

We do not remember meeting with this author's or editor's name in any political connexion, and we fear that the talent he possesses for the uttering of platitudes has not been made available as it might have been during the election. Each of his so-called essays begins with the enunciation of some principle for the guidance of young officers, which is followed by any number of stories about kings, generals, or private soldiers, extracted, as would appear, from a note-book kept by the author in the course of his own reading. There is no story which may not be made to illustrate in some way a principle, and therefore the author might, if he had chosen, have printed the entire contents of his note-book without any limit except that imposed by the necessity of making his volume portable. It follows from this description of the work that the original portion of it is very small, and that portion reminds us of nothing so much as of speeches of electioneering candidates on behalf of the Irish Church. The author would have been thoroughly at home in upholding the supremacy of the Crown, and maintaining the sanctity of the Coronation Oath, and we can hardly err in ascribing to him an unwavering attachment to our Protestant institutions in Church and State. "The love of our country is one of the most exalted and generous principles by which the human breast is animated." The writer of this sentence possesses a talent for talking prose which might have been made available for the assertion of constitutional doctrines, and for resistance to revolutionary proposals, and we should not have ventured to question his fitness for a defender of the Irish Church, although we think he has very slender qualifications for an instructor of the British army. It scarcely need be said that he does not appreciate such a character as Cromwell, and although he quotes Cromwell's own account of the massacre at Drogheda, he can see in it only "a curious mixture of unmanly cruelty and canting hypocrisy." If young officers are to be invited to study history, some effort should be made to convey to their minds just conceptions of its leading characters. "I am persuaded," says Cromwell, "that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches, who have imbruted their hands in so much innocent blood." Cromwell was no dissembler when he propounded his ideas for pacifying Ireland. He would have extirpated the native race, and replaced it by colonies of Englishmen. He did not doubt that his policy was both expedient in the eye of man, and just in the eye of heaven. He believed that his bloody work at Drogheda would

* *The Young Officer's Companion; or, Essays on Military Duties and Qualities: with Illustrations from History.* Edited by Lieut.-General Lord De Ros. New Edition, with Corrections and Additions. London: John Murray. 1868.

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prevent bloodshed for the future, "and therefore it is good," said he, "that God alone have all glory." The imputation of a false pretence to sanctity belongs no more to Cromwell than to other English leaders and their followers, for whom churches were founded and clergy endowed in order that they might enjoy the consolations of religion while engaged in their appointed work of exterminating the native Irish.

This author would have done some good if he had omitted all those portions of the book which are his own composition, and had undertaken to publish merely a collection of extracts from previous authors who have written upon matters which concern soldiers. Uncle Toby's demonstration that Marlborough could not have won the battle of Blenheim unless he had known geography, or Corporal Trim's notions about death in battle, deserve to be more familiar to the military reader than they perhaps are :—

"I've looked him," added the Corporal, "a hundred times in the face, and know what he is. He's nothing, Obadiah, at all in the field." "But he's very frightful in a house," quoth Obadiah. "I never minded it myself," said Jonathan, "upon a coachbox." "It must in my opinion be more natural in bed," replied Susannah.

And Dr. Johnson's comparison of English with French soldiers would deserve place in the same collection. One passage of this essay may reconcile us to electioneering rows. "They who complain in peace of the insolence of the populace must remember that insolence in peace is bravery in war." And the essay justly ascribes to our nation "a kind of epidemic bravery, diffused equally through all its ranks." The English soldier, says Dr. Johnson, seldom has his head full of the Constitution. Property he is commonly without. "Liberty is to the lowest rank of every nation little more than the choice of working or starving, and this choice is, I suppose, equally allowed in every country." He thinks that the courage of the English vulgar proceeds from every man's desire of reputation in his rank. This is the same sentiment which Steele has happily expressed when he says he will engage that Sergeant Hall would die ten thousand deaths rather than a word should be spoken at the Red Lettice or any part of Butcher Row in prejudice to his courage or honesty. It is true even now that the English soldier's head is seldom full of the Constitution, but he thinks much of his duty to the Queen. You will make no great impression on his mind by discoursing of the glories of our ancestors, but speak of the credit of his regiment and you have his ear directly; above all if that regiment bears the name of the county from which he comes himself. The author quotes an admirably characteristic letter written by a soldier in India to his father in the year 1843. The writer speaks of a comrade whose father was a buttermilk in Richmond. "He too is a corporal. In fact all that come from anywhere near Kingston are corporals and sergeants—that shows you how Surrey men are esteemed in the army." We are quite sure that the natives of every other county in England who are serving in the army are equally well satisfied with their own merits and rewards. As an example of that loyalty which springs from personal attachment to the sovereign, the author mentions the devotion of the Hungarians to their Queen Maria Theresa. He quotes from Mr. Robinson, the English Minister :—

The Queen was all charm. She rode gallantly up the Royal Mount, and defied the four corners of the world with the drawn sabre in a manner to show she had no occasion for that weapon to conquer all who saw her.

Mr. Robinson adds, with a pedantry which is now obsolete in all written and spoken compositions except speeches in the House of Commons,

Illam quidquid agit, quoquo vestigia flectit,
Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor,

which for the benefit of young officers who cannot construe Latin, although they know a handsome woman when they see one, may be translated thus :—

Whate'er she does, where'er her steps she bends,
Grace guides her movements, and her path attends.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.—No. I.

BOOKMAKING is now one of the ornamental and economical arts. Just as, in Paris, what the milliners call *nouveautés* are got up for the winter season, and inventors towards autumn are engaged in furnishing new patterns of clocks and trinkets, and a brisk business is done in lacquered wares and ormolu, so every London bookseller at this season issues a new stock of smart literary wares. How far this practice of getting up Christmas books merely for a special and particular market is defensible depends upon a somewhat wide consideration. The purveyors or manufacturers of these commodities—the "literary gentlemen" engaged in working up annuals and gift-books—would, we presume, describe themselves as artists, not as mere artisans. And there is the analogy of the fine arts to which they might appeal. Where a taste for art was widely diffused, while there were Raffaelles and Michael Angelos, there were also a vast body of inferior, yet useful, ornamentists. Side by side with the great masters and their masterpieces were whole bodies of very sufficient draughtsmen who produced fair decorative works by the acre for walls and passages. It was no disparagement to the Italian ornamentists that they did not aim high; they got out a vast amount of picture-work of a sort, which made no great pretences but did its work sufficiently. They did not affect to rival the great men; they scarcely called themselves

artists, though they generally produced fair working art. So it is with the pursuits of literature of the present day. There always will be tenth-rate books, and so long as there are first-rate books, and the public taste appreciates them, inferior literature does not necessarily injure, or displace, first-rate literature. The wall-painters in old time did not hurt the general appreciation of the masters in art. It is not quite so with us and the production of English books. The taste for the thinnest literature seems to be initiating our digestive powers for solid and useful learning. We have many readers and but few students. Magazines, cheap manuals, showy compilations, these do not so much spoil the general taste as make good taste impossible. We do not object to book-manufacture, or even to the fact that this is a mere branch of trade, as entirely mechanical as that of making envelopes and sealing-wax; but we have our fears about the debasement which is coming over English literature. Grub Street has grown genteel and "earnest"; and the ingenuous gentlemen who have got the knack of turning out novels and pretty little stories, and who are "engaged on" the thousand and one ephemeral periodicals and serials of the day, and who can supply an unlimited quantity of dull padding to any order, seem to think that their work is quite of the same sort as that of Grotto or Milman, Hallam or Whewell.

We are led to this train of thought by the usual masses of books of all sorts and sizes, still called Christmas books, which appear at this time of the year. After all, they are, for the most part, not bad. As in the case of the Italian ornamentists, there is great facility and knack displayed in getting them up; a certain amount of taste, and an entire amount of inoffensiveness. As furniture the thing is creditable; as literature it has its place, only let that place be understood by those who produce it and those who purchase it. The practical question for such as ourselves is how to deal with these Christmas articles. How are we to classify them? a question which turns on the previous consideration—can they be classified? Can we describe them by their publishers? But then any very enterprising publisher turns out wares of the most heterogeneous kind, like the multifarious goods in an American store. By their subjects? But what if they have no subjects? We rather despair of attaining anything like a logical or material grouping of things which have not only no common quality, but very often no quality at all. Besides, it may be that, after all, the mixed, haphazard, accidental order in which we look over our Christmas stores best suits and represents their very varied, if not confused, natures and subjects.

Mr. Moxon has completed his great "Tennyson-Doré" series by the publication of *Enid*. There is but little to remark on the conclusion of this noble work, except to say that, on the whole, the conclusion is worthy of its predecessors. It is a monumental work, and in sumptuousness and grandeur is a fitting tribute to the Laureate's greatest work. Something of the first flush of novelty has of course disappeared from Doré, and it may be distinctly said that he was more appreciated before the recent exhibition of his oil-paintings in London, which were as bad as bad could be. And by the time we have reached, as we now do, the thirty-sixth illustration of the four Arthurian poems, there is a certain sense of monotony which creeps over us as we pass from thick umbrageous forest to thick umbrageous forest, and when castle after castle, and knight after knight, casque and plume, sweep by in such an illimitable succession of solemn sameness. But this is, after all, what always must happen in illustrations. Tennyson's *Arthuriad* itself is monotonous, and there is a certain fitness in the sameness of Doré. The old friezes and processions were intended to be monotonous. It is perhaps unavoidable that the pictures in Mr. Moxon's folios are not drawn to scale. Sometimes we have the figures as it were life-size, and sometimes focussed at less than a fourth. In one illustration, that of *Enid* and her mother in the early misty morning, Doré has failed, as he often does, in his figures, and *Enid* is simply hideous. But in the vast sweep of space and distance, and in the artistic gift of conveying the idea of the immeasurable mystery of antres vast and moorland and tangled wood, Doré cannot be equalled. It may not be the very highest art; but the artist has an object, and attains it. The production of the series does the highest credit to the spirit and intelligence spent upon it. To the poet himself, the publication is an honour akin to that of erecting a hero's statue in his lifetime.

It is a hazardous thing to write a Christology after Jeremy Taylor; but Mr. Clarke, in his *Life of Jesus* (H. Hall), seems to wish to give young people an antidote against Renan and Strauss. Here we have a well-meant and indeed well executed little book; and the compiler, with a slight sectarian tendency however, has availed himself of Trench for his didactic, and Stanley for his local, illustrations of the Gospel. Two little semi-scientific manuals, cheap enough at a shilling each, teach, the one parlour optics in the *Magic Lantern* for gentle children, and the other constructional mechanics in the *Model Steam Engine* for rising artisans. These are published by Houlston and Wright.

If boys can be made good boys, bold boys, honest boys, and all the rest of it, by books, Mr. Routledge is one of the chief benefactors of our rising race. He seems to keep a whole staff, almost an army, of diligent and prolific writers, who give themselves up to instructing schoolboys. As a matter of fact, we find the schoolboys of the period not half the scholars we used to be; and in other respects the animal, in spite of his instructors, seems to be deteriorating. Boys may be more skilled at football and cricket; but then we have it on the authority of the Schools Inquiry Commis-

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art. So it day. There are first literature. The appreciation of the production seems to be growing. We find, cheap which spoil the not object is a mere of making fears about future. Grab the ingenious novels and thousand and who can suppose them to think of Grotto or masses of books, which for the most parts, there is a certainness. As its place, we it and such as our fellow are we various come them by fisher turns multifarious what if anything we not only Besides, it general order in and repre- projects. " series mark on the whole, monumental tribute to art flush of may be disreputable ex- bad as had now do, the mums, there as we pass forest, and asque and sun same in illus- and there old friezes is perhaps not drawn -size, and nation, that Dore has very hideous Martin mystery of cannot be artist has does the To the of erecting Jeremy seems to Strauss. the book; never, has for his -scientific the parlour the other or rising and all of bene- almost selves up the school- in other be deter- set; but Commis-

tion, that they never fight at Eton, because the lads "funk" each other. Now and then a horrid suspicion crosses us that the boys have been over lectured, over good-booked, and over Tom-Browned and sermonized. It would not be the first time that preaching has taken the heart out of practice. However, we hope for the best; and Christmas reminds us what a vast amount of light reading, very light, and improving reading—we trust that it does not increase pugnaciousness—is nowadays provided for boys. A favourite form of Christmas Book is the re-issue in a volume of the juvenile periodicals. Such are Routledge's *Every Boy's Annual*, which is, we believe, Routledge's *Magazine for Boys* in a collected form, and which contains stories about monkeys, sea stories, puzzles, and charades; with pictures, some delicately painted, some very rudely cut, but, we dare say, equally acceptable, though not equally wholesome, to the rudimentary art palate of the lower forms. The *Broadway Annual* (Routledge), which is, we again believe, the *Broadway Magazine*, also is gathered into a volume. Routledge's *Christmas Annual* is another instalment of the set of stories held like strings on some flimsy thread, which Mr. Dickens made popular and has extinguished because it became over popular, forgetful to say that it is a trick of the story-teller old as Boccaccio and Chaucer, and common to East and West, from the Arabian Nights down to Pickwick itself. It is got up by a brotherhood of writers, who are of very pantological attainments and professions, and, as their editor describes them, have "fixed engagements on magazines, sporting papers, theatrical journals, and work as London correspondents to country weeklies." It does these gentlemen credit that they can afford to chaff themselves in this fashion; and we believe these stories are better than this odd mode of recommending them would lead us to conjecture. *With the Tide*, by Sidney Daryl (Routledge)—is that a pseudonym?—is only a Christmas book because published late in November. It seems to be an average novelette.

From the factory, *atelier*, or whatever it is, of Mr. Nelson, of Paternoster Row and Edinburgh, we have a gorgeous cloud of butterflies making Christmas resplendent with vermilion and gold, and all the cheap and pretty luxury of chromolithography. Mr. Nelson and his artists affect the medieval and recall to us the Scriptorium, subordinated, however, to pure Protestant orthodoxy. *The Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and Ten Commandments*, fairly emblazoned after MS. authorities and of a good period, attest the popularity of a style with which Mr. Owen Jones and Mr. Noel Humphrey were the first to familiarize us. Then we have a set of *Shaksperian Texts Illuminated*, smaller in size and less ambitious in execution—pretty too, but useless—for we can hardly imagine our walls stuck about with "Thrice is he armed," &c., and "Neither a borrower or a lender be," &c. unless this last is intended to be hung up in barrack-rooms and Government offices. *Illuminated Texts*, from Scripture this time, and apparently a parallel to the Shakspeare mottoes, and intended, we suppose, for school-rooms. We have also the *Beatitudes*, or other six of them—somewhat inferior, however, in execution, and design. The *Christian Graces*, which, by the way, are not the Theological Cardinal Virtues, are done to match. *Our Feathered Friends*, packets of pictures of birds, one set of British and one of American birds, are beautifully drawn and charmingly coloured, and suggest, by which we mean high praise, some comparison with, and perhaps a reminiscence of, Mr. Gould's sumptuous works; and, finally, we have *The Story of Queen Esther*, depicted in miniatures of the French realistic type, with accessories aiming at, and generally attaining, historical correctness.

Besides Mr. Macmillan's reprints or re-issues from Mr. C. Kingsley and Miss Yonge, *The Heroes* and the *Lances of Lynwood*, a series of *Books for the Young*, and some new volumes of the Globe Edition of the *English Classics*, such as the works of Goldsmith, which are in no sense annuals, but decidedly perennials, this enterprising publisher sends us a really original Christmas-book—Mr. Palgrave's *Five Days' Entertainments at Wentworth Grange*. Here a higher chord is struck, and a larger purpose put forth. Artists of real mark combine; Mr. Palgrave supplies the literary, Mr. Arthur Hughes the pictorial, elements of a very pleasant miscellany. Grave alike and gay, sportive and didactic, with considerable power of invention and a delicate gift of appropriating and recasting old myths and tales, Mr. Palgrave's little fictions quite hit the educated and refined mind of childhood. He gives his young folks fairy tales, but with an unobtrusive yet practical purpose; stories of every-day life, but without a forward goodness, and all interspersed with pleasant verses and minor lyrics of much sweetness and variety. There is a sense of subdued power in this book, and a thorough grasp of purpose; it looks genial, and does not suggest the market and so much per page. Mr. Hughes has been very successful in catching the various reflected tints and balanced lights and shades of the story; he is grotesque but not vulgar where the story is funny, grim but not sensational in the more sober little fictions; and the vignette frontispiece, a charming child, one of the maid heroines of the central and connecting piece of real life round which the tales are clustered, is quite delightful in its archness and freshness. Altogether, the book is a true art production, and is uniformly excellent, from the conception down to the typography.

Aunt Louisa's Country Pets (Warne).—Strings of rhymes not very good are tagged on to good bold pictures, excellently printed in colours, and drawn by some animal-draughtsman of no mean powers. The cats and dogs and horses are admirable, and so is the moral—the good old one, to be kind to the dumb creatures. *The Language of Flowers* (Routledge).—Groups of flowers sufficiently well drawn and printed in colours. Mr. Tyas supplies

the letterpress, which is replete, not only with botanical information, but with a good deal of useful historical and folklore details about flowers. The emblems and symbolism attached to plants and trees by this writer are original, and sometimes far-fetched, as when we are told that the horse-chesnut signifies luxury, and the hydrangea has been thought to suggest a coquette.

Pictures from Nature, by Mary Howitt (Routledge).—The specialty, as they say, of this year's gift-books is this colour-printing. Of old it used to be woodcuts in general; then it was the special landscape woodcuts of the Dalziel Brothers; after that we had a run upon photographs; this year all the purveyors go in for what are familiarly called "chromos." Of course they are occasionally overdone; and the attempt to bring all sorts of Claude-like effects into little prints four or five inches square must be something of a failure. Still, they are suggestions of colour in the right direction; and in this volume we have the year's calendar, with the various atmospheric characteristics of each month. The authoress is a veteran in this department of writing.

It will be enough to name a new volume, or rather two new volumes, by Mr. H. C. Adams—*Falconsure; or, Birthday Tales* (Warne), and the *Boy Cavaliers* (Routledge); and as it is quite certain that all that we can do in this place—except with the more ambitious works—is to acquaint ourselves with the outward form of children's books, we must summarily content ourselves with acknowledging *Filling up the Chinks*, by the Hon. Mrs. Greene (Warne); the *Basket of Flowers* (Warne), translated from a popular German work; and *St. George's Key*, from the same publisher. This last little work is a novelty, and gives children a glimpse of life in Honduras—*St. George's Key* having nothing to do with the Patron of England, but being the name of an island on the Honduras coast.

Gray's *Elegy* has long been a sort of text or common property for all sorts of illustrations. It is the favourite standing-piece for classic translation since the days when Matthias laughed at the rage for versions of the *Elegy* which

In words of Greek the Churchyard's peace annoys,
Where classic Weston, Charley Coote and Tew,
Weave dismal dance about the mournful yew.

And it is also the body on which experimental artists, Sketching Clubs, Etching Clubs, and Graphic Clubs try their powers. This famous poem has now been appropriated by the colour-printers, and we have an edition published by Sampson Low which aims high. It is printed by a firm, Cooper, Clay, and Co., which is connected with the well-known Clay's letterpress printing-office, and is, on the whole, a success. The draughtsmen are not distinctly specified, and are not all of the same mark. Some are very good indeed—such as the landscapes, the farmyard piece, and the brook subject particularly. The cathedral interior is less successful, and the figure-pieces are least so. A naturalistic subject of wild flowers suggests the old illumination style; but, on the whole, we can speak more highly of the technical skill displayed in working the prints than of the originality or power of the drawings themselves. In one subject, the "Village Hampden," we beg leave to differ from the illustrator in his reading of Gray. He has given us one heroic schoolboy thrashing another schoolboy and a lubber, thinking that "the little tyrant of the fields" must mean little in the sense of size and age. Without doubt the village Hampden, the inglorious Milton, and the guiltless Cromwell were adult men, as the whole context of the poem shows, and "the little tyrant of the fields" was the petty tyrant, the squire of the parish most likely. Appended to this edition is a curious facsimile of Gray's autograph, preserved "at Pembroke House, Cambridge." What is Pembroke House?

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

ABSARAKA is the title of a very lively and readable little work—the history of a year spent in the wilds of the Far West, by the wife of a Federal officer on duty there. The progress of the Pacific Railroad has entailed on the United States army some of the severest and most harassing duties that soldiers can be called on to perform. They have to serve in a region removed by long and difficult marches from the utmost frontiers of civilization; in a climate subject to extreme variations of temperature, and particularly to a degree of cold, during several winter months, so intense as to involve frequent peril and considerable suffering; in face of an enemy peculiarly skilled in all the arts of warfare suited to such a country, watchful, alert, restless, allowing no relaxation of vigilance by night or day, in fair weather or foul, seldom giving the soldier the wholesome and gratifying excitement of open battle, yet always near, always ready to cut off stragglers, to intercept small parties, to prevent foraging, and even, if a chance be afforded, to surprise and destroy an unwary garrison. The troops must carry with them all the comforts and most of the necessities of life; for the country affords them nothing except wood, water, and occasional and uncertain supplies of game. They must depend upon the food they carry with them; their baggage must contain whatever household utensils they are to use during the period of their service, as well as the implements needed to construct and fortify their dwellings; they must provide themselves with the clothes and wrappings necessary not only for comfort, but for life, during a semi-Arctic winter; and for at least half the year they

* *Absaraka, Home of the Crows: being the Experience of an Officer's Wife on the Plains*. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

are thrown absolutely on their own resources, communication with the States being rare and precarious, and the most cruel of all hardships being the orders which occasionally compel a winter march of some hundred miles from one station to another. The jealousy of the Indians has naturally been excited by the sight of a railway—the well-known pioneer of settlement and cultivation—penetrating the very centre of the narrow hunting-grounds to which they are now confined; and the majority of the few surviving tribes are either openly or practically hostile to the whites, and lose no opportunity of impeding their advance, cutting off their trains, slaughtering individual settlers, and in fact doing everything in their power to resist the dreaded encroachment which threatens them with absolute ruin and starvation. Hemmed in as they are on every side, no further retreat is possible for them; the approach of the white man drives away their game, and day by day renders their savage life more difficult and more full of privation and suffering; and they feel that, however hopeless may be a war with such an enemy as the United States, they have no alternative but to die fighting, or perish out of the land, slowly and painfully, by want, disease, and those mysterious agencies which render the contact of civilization invariably fatal to a barbarous race. It is not wonderful that, in mere desperation, they prefer the speedier and manlier mode of extermination. They fight, too, in each individual instance at a certain advantage. They greatly outnumber their foes; they are far superior in rapidity of movement and in all the qualities that tell in their own mode of warfare; they can choose their own time and conditions of attack, and can seldom be pursued or effectually assailed in return. It is easy to understand, therefore, how hard and anxious must be the life of a garrison of two or three hundred men, despatched into the Indian territory at a vast distance from all supports, to select a spot suitable for a fort that may overawe and hold in check some particularly restless tribe; to build their log cabins and wooden stockade with such materials as they can find on the spot, and then to settle themselves there for six, twelve, or eighteen months, remote from every sight and sound of civilized life, intent on duties that never cease, and on a warfare in which disaster is always probable, and in which no glory can possibly be gained. Especially hard must be the life of a lady, gently nurtured, and used to all the comforts and elegances of European civilization, when suddenly obliged to undertake a journey of several hundred miles by waggon-train across the plains, with half a battalion of soldiers, compelled to keep up with their march and to share their fatigues, in order at last to reach the spot where a rough hut has to be built for her accommodation, in which every domestic service must be rendered by her own hands, from which her husband must go forth every day on a perilous service, and where her rest may be disturbed, night after night, by the alarm of attacks which the least failure of vigilance may render successful, and whose success means nothing less than the massacre of every man, woman, and child within the palisades. Yet American women, luxurious and selfish as they often seem in the East, endure all the hardships of the West with quite as much courage and cheerfulness as could be shown by their English sisters; and while the authoress of *Absaraka* describes graphically and in detail the sufferings and annoyances of the march, the bivouac, and the beleaguered garrison, she never dwells upon them in a tone of fretfulness or complaint, and reserves her compassion rather for the harassing duties and constant dangers of the men than for the pettier troubles and passive anxieties that fall to the lot of her own sex. Her book is calculated to give a very clear, and we fancy a very just, idea of the life of the Federal soldier at those stations which now form the advanced posts of General Sherman's command, and to enforce a higher estimate of the officers and men of the regular army than Englishmen were led to form of the volunteer soldiery of the North by the incidents of the civil war.

During its last Session Congress appointed a Committee to report on the expediency of rendering appointments in the Civil Service of the Union either permanent or tenable for a term of years, the holders to be removable only after trial before tribunals specially created or selected for the purpose. The real object was probably to weaken the great power which the Executive derives from the enormous patronage at its command; but the professed aim was one which all respectable Americans, whatever their party predilections, must heartily approve. The Report of the Committee* enters at length into the history of the Federal Civil Service, and the mode in which the present practice arose. The latter dates only from the election of General Jackson, previously to which time civil offices in America were held precisely on the same tenure as in England; that is, technically "during pleasure," practically "during good behaviour." Removals were made at the will of the earlier Presidents, but only for such causes as would generally lead to the dismissal of an English official; and in some instances the chief of the Executive thought fit to vindicate his conduct from all suspicion of political motive by giving the reasons for each of the removals he had effected. It was General Jackson who first, both in practice and in theory, treated the posts of Federal officials as the spoils of political warfare; and since his time the same principle has been acted upon by both parties, the large majority of offices of value being transferred upon each change of rulers to nominees of the victorious party. Widespread corruption, both in the elections and in the administration, has

* *The Civil Service.* Report of Mr. Jencks of Rhode Island, from the Joint Select Committee on Retrenchment, made to the House of Representatives of the United States, May 14, 1868. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

been the inevitable result. Men appointed solely for political party services are seldom very efficient, and not always very respectable, administrators; regarding their offices as rewards, not as posts of public duty, they are naturally more anxious to profit themselves than to serve their country; sure to be dismissed or retained on party, not on personal, grounds, they have no personal motives to do their duty well or zealously. The reports sent in to the Committee by heads of departments, though generally approving the proposed changes, naturally make the best possible case for the existing system and the subordinates appointed under it; but their admissions suffice to confirm the general belief that gross waste and downright dishonesty, especially in the collection of the revenue, have been the result of a practice which enables a victorious party to reward its supporters out of the public purse. The reports on the Civil Services of foreign countries show considerable care in collecting evidence really calculated to throw light on the question; but the Committee appear to have overlooked the difference between a practical and a technical tenure "during good behaviour"—between the system actually prevailing in England and that suggested by the terms of the Congressional reference. It would be very inconvenient to render public servants irremovable except for such offences as would justify their conviction before a tribunal, even if that tribunal were of the nature of a court-martial. It would be as if no general commanding in the field, no officer of the staff, no commander of a garrison, could be removed except by sentence of court-martial, a condition which no Commander-in-Chief or Secretary-at-War would dream of accepting. If the Chief of the Executive or the head of a department cannot dismiss a servant for lukewarmness, incompetence, unwillingness, or insubordination until he can establish a specific offence to the satisfaction of a regular Court, he cannot be held responsible for the working of a machine of which he has no effective control. This point the Committee do not seem to have considered; perhaps believing that it would be impossible to prevent the renewal of the present system of wholesale political dismissals if the President's discretion, like that of an English Minister, were fettered only by a well-understood rule, enforced by no other sanctions than those of honour and duty. What they have clearly shown is that the present usage is as unconstitutional as it is impolitic and mischievous. It is much to be hoped that the return to a better practice may date from the election of General Grant, as does the existing abuse from that of his most distinguished military predecessor.

An elaborate treatise by Mr. G. A. Potter on the present state of the American currency* arrives, for the most part, at correct practical conclusions; but its value and its effect are seriously impaired by that want of thorough scientific comprehension of the principles of the subject which is characteristic of writers on the currency. The same vice seems to pervade all these works—a desire to frame a too elaborate and complicated theory to account for phenomena so singular, and to the generality of mankind so perplexing; an incapacity to believe in the simplicity of truth, or to accept the plain and mortifyingly obvious explanation given by true economists—namely, that gold is a commodity subject to the same rules as all other commodities, with the single exception that it is not liable to a temporary failure of demand. In like manner they cannot make up their minds to believe that the value of a paper currency, in a country whose trade is open, is exactly measured by its relation to the gold or silver it professes to represent. Most writers of this order try to reduce the real extent of the depreciation; Mr. Potter exaggerates it; but the error in either case is the same. The mischief of Mr. Potter's mistake is the greater because his manifest exaggeration will tend to provoke disbelief in the soundness of his general conclusions as to the evils of a heavy debt and an inconvertible currency, and to strengthen the popular delusions which he condemns.

If, Yes, and Perhaps† is the title of a little volume of lively stories and entertaining essays, apparently reprinted from various magazines, but considerably above the usual level of American periodical literature. "The South American Editor" is one of those amusing pieces of humorous caricature, not sufficiently exaggerated to lose the air of probability, in which certain American writers peculiarly excel; and two imaginary scenes, representing the meeting of David and Homer in the camp of the Philistines, and the examination of St. Paul before Nero and Seneca, are sufficiently plausible and natural to induce the reader to excuse the total absence of historical foundation, and in one case the gross violation of received chronology, for which the author refuses to apologize. Altogether, the book is a very good specimen of a kind of light literature in which America is certainly not inferior to England.

The *Tragedian*‡ is a sort of monograph on the acting of the elder Booth, the father of the assassin of Mr. Lincoln, with a good deal of discursive disquisition on tragic acting generally, and on some of the principal tragic characters of Shakespeare, and of other playwrights, in which Mr. Booth was wont to appear.

Of novels and stories this month produces several—one bearing

* *The Instrument of Association: a Manual of Currency.* By George A. Potter. New York: Hurd & Houghton. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

† *If, Yes, and Perhaps. Four Possibilities and Six Exaggerations, with some Bits of Fact.* By Edward E. Hale. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

‡ *The Tragedian: an Essay on the Histrionic Genius of Junius Brutus Booth.* By Thomas R. Gould. New York: Hurd & Houghton. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

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the curious title of *Gold Elsie**; another, of something more nearly approaching the orthodox English length, entitled *Dallas Galbraith*†, by Mrs. R. H. Davis; and a third, called *What Answer?*‡ by Miss Anna Dickinson, the famous lecturer and advocate of all the modern eccentricities into which the heresy of Bloomerism or "woman's rights" has been developed by the American genius for extravagances.

A volume of poems by Charles Mair§ requires the excuse of youth which the author modestly pleads. Not that there are no signs of poetic feeling and taste, and of a limited degree of power, but that the author is too prone to allow both his fancy and his rhyme to run away with him; the former betraying him into the wild incoherencies of a dream, the latter into little less than actual nonsense. The critical as well as the creative faculty is necessary to poetry, as to all authorship, and we must say that we seldom met with a work in which the utter lack of it was so clearly and so naïvely displayed.

There are an unusual number of scientific or quasi-scientific treatises on our list. A long, quaint, illogical, diatribe against smoking and drinking||, which, however, is more rational than most works that emanate from the same school, is perhaps hardly entitled, in virtue of its occasional appeals to physiological facts and experiments, to rank even in the latter class. But an elaborate *Treatise on Steel*¶, its nature, its qualities, the process of manufacture, and some of its uses, with an appendix containing a careful account of the Bessemer steel, extracted from the Report of the American Commissioners to the Paris Exposition of 1867, is almost as scientific as practical. *How Crops Grow*** is the title of an elementary work on agricultural chemistry; on the chemical composition and structure of plants; on the character of different soils, their properties, and their relations to vegetation; and on the application of chemical science to practical agriculture. The earlier portions, relating to organic chemistry, may be interesting to a curious reader, even if he knows, and cares to know, nothing about their connexion with actual farming operations. The various experiments, especially, are described with great clearness and detail, and those are selected which can be worked with the very simplest apparatus, such as every schoolboy can obtain or construct. Certain medical works are also before us. We will only name one volume†† of more than professional importance, which we have read with feelings of extreme pain, horror, and disgust; feelings inspired altogether by the character of the subject and the nature of the facts revealed, and in no degree by the mode in which they are treated by the author, who writes with all scientific plainness of speech, but in the only tone and spirit which befit an honest man dealing with a terrible social evil—a grave and festering moral ulcer affecting the vital interests of the community. The evidence is overwhelming and conclusive, as the conviction which it enforces is revolting; and the revelation of a state of things paralleled only in one European country, if paralleled even there—of crimes too detestable for public mention, prevalent among the most educated and the wealthiest quite as much as in the lower and more ignorant classes of American society—cannot but awaken a force, both of professional resolve and of public feeling, which may crush the evil before it has utterly poisoned the moral and physical health, the domestic and social life, of the nation. The hope of such an awakening is the only justification, as we believe it to be the sole motive, for the public exposure of evils which, in the absence of a hope that publicity may promote their cure, were best passed over in silence by those who are forced to know their existence, and left unknown by those who are happy enough to be ignorant of them.

* *Gold Elsie*. From the German of E. Marlitt, Author of "The Old Man's Secret." By Mrs. A. S. Wister. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

† *Dallas Galbraith*. By Mrs. R. Hardinge Davis, Author of "Waiting for the Verdict," &c. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

‡ *What Answer?* By Anna E. Dickinson. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

§ *Dreamland, and other Poems*. By Charles Mair. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

|| *Smoking and Drinking*. By James Parton. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

¶ *A Treatise on Steel: comprising its Theory, Metallurgy, Properties, Practical Working, and Use*. By M. H. C. Landrin, Te, Civil Engineer. Translated from the French, with Notes. By A. A. Fesquet, Chemist and Engineer. Philadelphia: H. C. Baird. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

** *How Crops Grow. A Treatise on the Chemical Composition, Structure, and Life of the Plant, for all Students of Agriculture*. With numerous Illustrations and Tables of Analyses. By Samuel W. Johnson, M.A., Professor of Analytical and Agricultural Chemistry in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College, &c. New York: Orange, Tudd, & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

†† *Criminal Abortion: its Nature, its Evidence, and its Law*. By Horatio R. Storer, M.D., LL.B., and Franklin Fiske Heard. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—

On Monday Evening next, November 29, the Programme will include Schubert's Overture for Stringed and Wind Instruments; Weber's Sonata in A flat; for Pianoforte alone; L. Van. and Kondo, by Molique; for Violoncello, &c. Executants: MM. Pauer, Strauss, L. Van. Henry Blauroc, Reynolds, Lazarus, Vendlund, Wootton, and Patti. Vocalist: Mr. Verdi, R. Ricci. Conductor: Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, & Companies; and at the Hall, 2s; 1s; 1s; 1s.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.—Conductor, Mr. CO-TA.—AN EXTRA CONCERT will be given on Friday Evening next, in Memory of the late celebrated Composer ROSSINI, when the STABAT MATER, Handel's DEAD MARCH in SAUL, and Mozart's REQUIEM will be performed. Principal Vocalists: Madame Ruderendorff, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Cummings, and Signor Tagliacico.—Tickets ready at Ten o'clock on Monday.

ORGAN PERFORMANCE.—MR. W. T. BEST, of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, will perform on the occasion of the Opening of the NEW ORGAN at the WELSHMAN CHURCH, London, December 2, at Half-past Seven. Performance to commence at Seven o'clock. Tickets—Reserved 2s. Unreserved 2s. and 1s.—may be obtained at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; Novello & Co.'s, Berners Street; and at Warren, Hall, & Co.'s, 88 Camden Road.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—THE WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES by the MEMBERS is NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East. Ten till Five. Admission, 1s.—Gas on dark days. WILLIAM CALLOW, Secretary.

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION of CABINET PICTURES by BRITISH and FOREIGN ARTISTS is NOW OPEN at the French Gallery, 130 Pall Mall, from Half-past Nine till half-past Five o'clock.—Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.—THE SEVENTIETH ANNUAL SHOW of FAT STOCK, SHEEP, PIGS, ROOTS, SEEDS, and AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS will be held at the Agricultural Hall, London, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th December. Opening Day, Monday, Two p.m. Admission, Five Shillings. Other Days, One Shilling. By Order. S. SIDNEY, Secretary.

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.—Agricultural Hall, London.—Monday, December 7, Two o'clock. Admission, Five Shillings. Other Days, One Shilling.

MISS EMILY FAITHFULL will Lecture on the CLAIMS of WOMEN in the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on Thursday Evening, December 10, at Eight o'clock. Seats, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets to be obtained of Mr. Finn, at the Rooms; or at the Victoria Press, Princes Street, Hanover Square.

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[November 28, 1868.]

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Annual Revenue 247,510

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Gold Guards

November 28, 1868.]

The Saturday Review.

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